THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

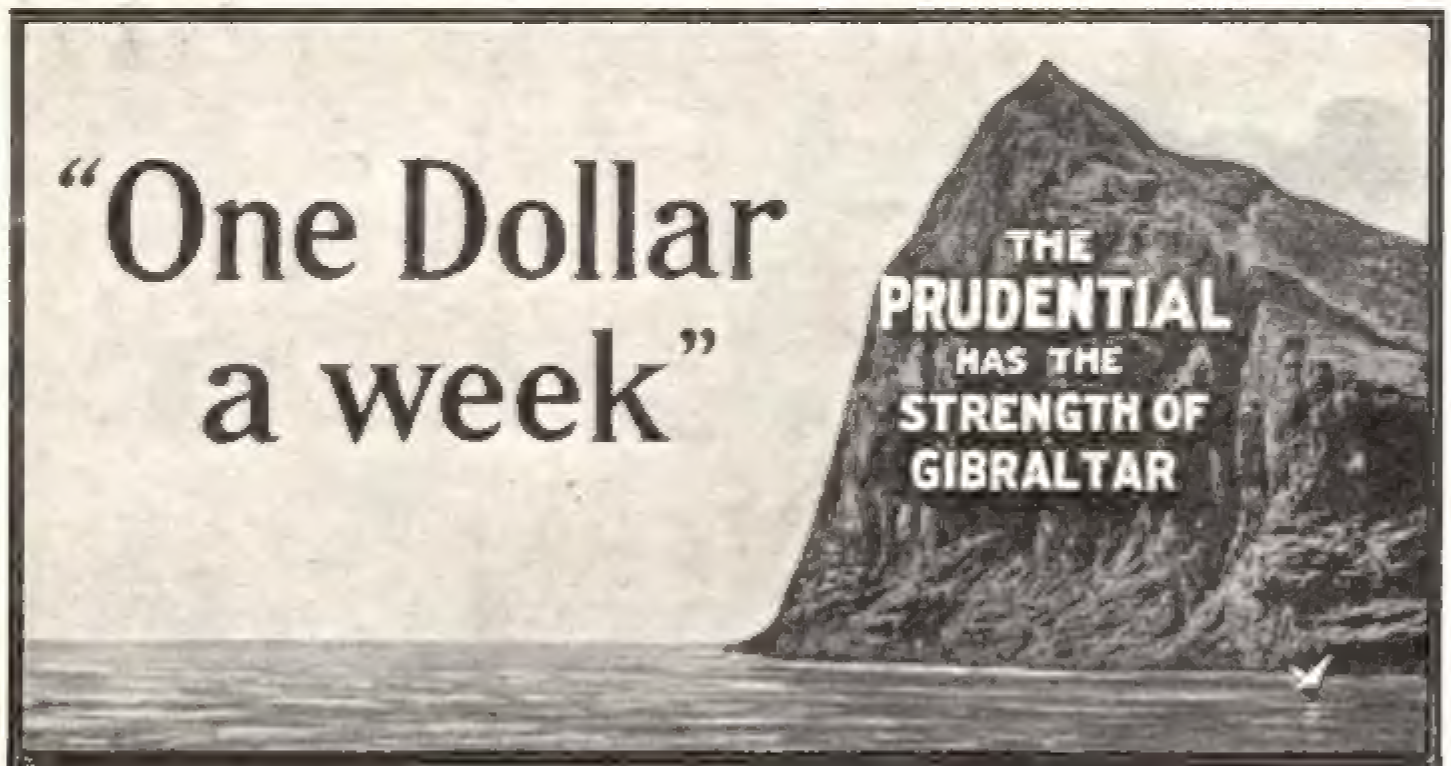
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D¹. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 23, 1907 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Guernsey Moore

THE DIARY OF DELIA

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA



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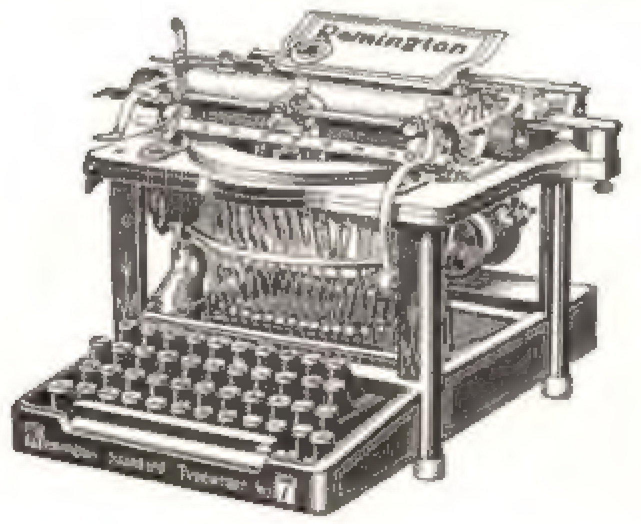

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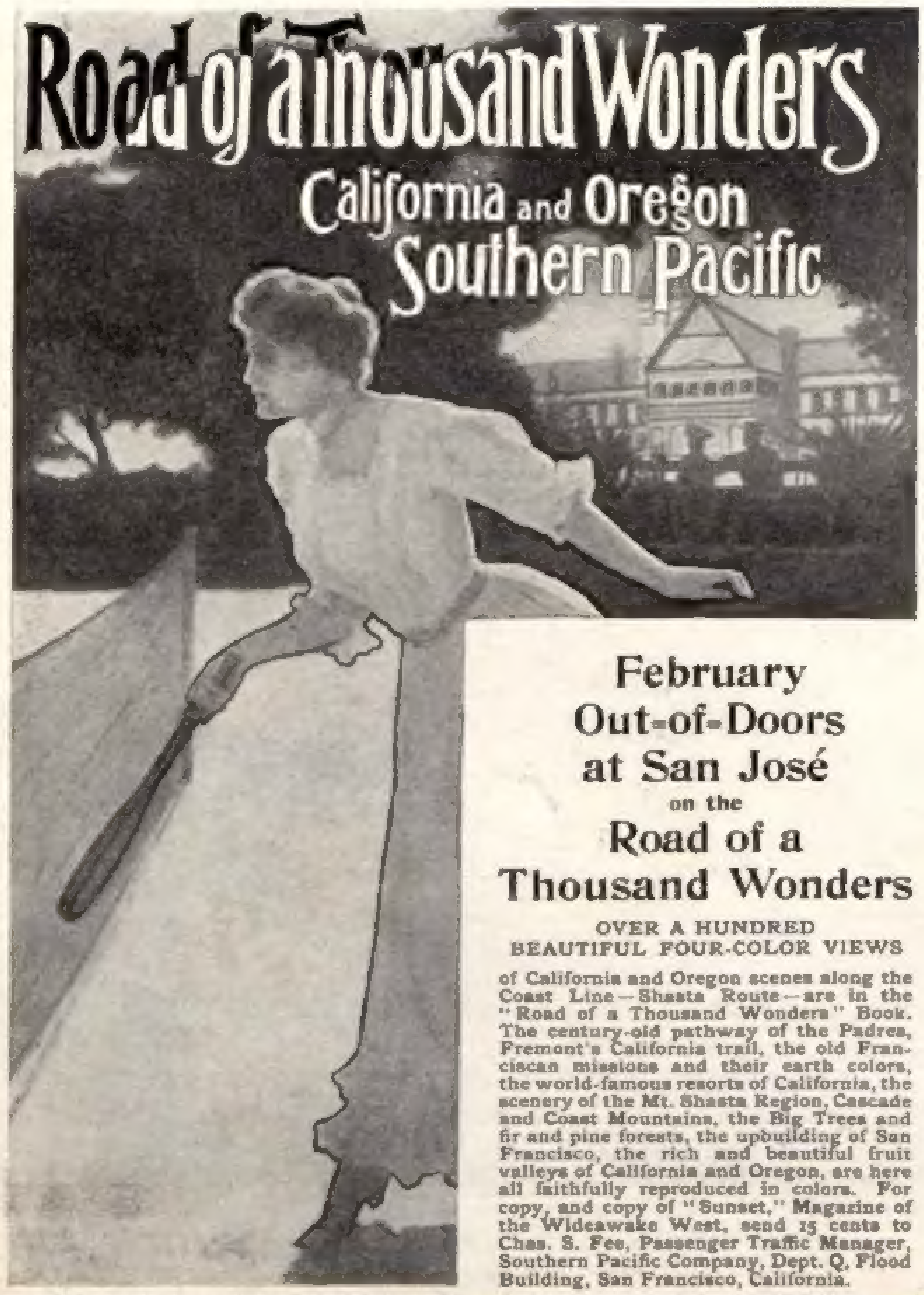

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of California and Oregon scenes along the Coast Line—Shasta Route—are in the "Road of a Thousand Wonders" Book. The century-old pathway of the Padres, Fremont's California trail, the old Franciscan missions and their earth colors, the world-famous resorts of California, the scenery of the Mt. Shasta Region, Cascade and Coast Mountains, the Big Trees and fir and pine forests, the upbuilding of San Francisco, the rich and beautiful fruit valleys of California and Oregon, are here all faithfully reproduced in colors. For copy, and copy of "Sunset," Magazine of the Wideawake West, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, Dept. Q, Flood Building, San Francisco, California.

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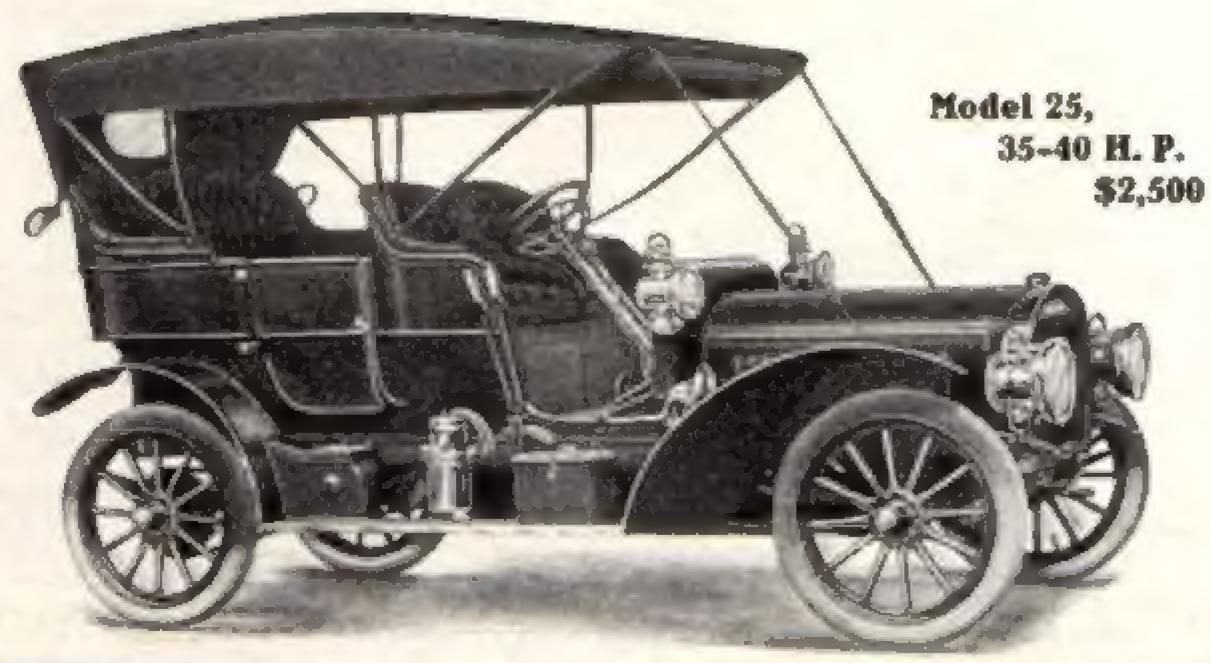

Model 25,
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7% Preferred Stock Regal Shoe Company

FOR the purpose of increasing its working capital, enlarging its facilities, operating new stores and agencies, and to meet the demand for its goods which has already been created, the Regal Shoe Company offer for public subscription $1,500,000 of its 7 per cent. Preferred Stock.

The Regal Shoe Company has an authorized capital stock of $5,000,000, of which $2,500,000 is 7 per cent. Preferred and $2,500,000 is common, par value of each share $100, full paid and non-assessable. Only $1,500,000 of the Preferred Stock is offered for public subscription.

This Preferred Stock is preferred both as to assets and dividends, the dividends being payable quarterly on the first day of January, April, July and October of each year.

This stock is not issued to liquidate any indebtedness. The present owners — the founders — are not selling out the business. ***Every dollar received from this sale of 15,000 shares of 7 per cent. Preferred Stock, at the par value of $100 a share, will be turned into the Treasury of the Corporation, and used for the immediate extension of its factory capacity, and for taking care of the business which is already assured.***

In September, 1893, the Regal Shoe Company was started by a young man whose sole capital consisted of $1,500, a practical knowledge of the shoe business, indefatigable energy, and an idea. The original investment of $1,500 has grown into a business the tangible assets and good-will of which are worth more than $5,000,000.

The Regal Shoe Company up to the present time has located its chain of stores in the most difficult places — as far as competition is concerned — in the large cities of the country. Yet, in spite of this fact, it has achieved an unparalleled success.

In New York City, where retail shoe competition is keenest, $32,000 worth of Regal Shoes have been sold to individual purchasers in one day for cash at the standard retail prices — a record never equalled by any other shoe retailer. Across the continent, in San Francisco, far from its base of supplies, one retail store of the Regal Shoe Company sells $250,000 worth each year, which is the largest specialty shoe business in San Francisco.

The net earnings of the business for the last eleven years have been more than enough to pay above seven per cent. on the total issue of Preferred Stock, $2,500,000, for the entire period, and it's estimated that the new capital will double the present net earnings.

The Regal business has shown an annual average increase of 49 1-2 per cent. each year of its existence, selling only through its own exclusive stores and a few established agencies. And yet, today, with our 122 stores and agencies, we are reaching only one-fifth of the population of the United States.

The few exclusive agencies we have been able to supply show an increase in volume of business for the year 1906 over 1905 of 129 per cent. On December 31, 1906, we had on file 7,369 applications for agencies, but up to the present time, on account of manufacturing limitations, only forty could be accepted.

By increasing the capital so that the manufacturing and selling facilities can be enlarged adequately and immediately, Regal stores and agencies will be located in every city and important town in the United States, and thus the already-created demand for Regal Shoes in the vast territory outside that now reached by the existing chain of Regal Stores will be supplied.

An Exceptional Investment Opportunity

A better opportunity to share in the profits of a thoroughly established business has never before been offered to the public, because never before have there existed conditions similar to those which make this offer of stock desirable.

The exceptional security of an investment in Regal Preferred is proven by tangible assets — property in plain sight that can be seen and felt and counted. The Corporation owns and operates at Whitman, Mass., the largest and most completely equipped factory devoted exclusively to the making of fine shoes. All cash on hand, buildings, box factory, shoe dressing laboratories, power, heat and light plant, all real and personal property, machinery and equipment; all shoes and leather; supplies; all the Regal chain of retail stores from London to San Francisco are owned by the Regal Shoe Company, free and unencumbered; no mortgages, no bonds. All these assets, together with a large surplus and depreciation fund already accumulated, positively secure the holders of Preferred Stock.

The holders of Preferred Stock are further protected by the provision of the charter: "No mortgage or other lien shall be placed upon any of the property of the company without the consent of holders of a majority in interest of the Preferred Stock of the Company."

The Preferred Stock is further secured by the good-will of the Regal business, foreign and domestic patents, and the trade mark "Regal" having a value in the open market equal to more than the full amount of the total issue of Preferred Stock.

A statement by the Treasurer and Managing Director, E. J. Bliss, certified to by disinterested chartered public accountants and appraisers of recognized authority, will be furnished to each purchaser of Preferred Stock to the effect that the corporation owns free and unencumbered, real, tangible assets of more than $100 for each and every share of Preferred Stock sold, not including the value of good-will, foreign and domestic trade marks, patents and other similar assets owned by the Corporation.

The net earnings for the past 11 years have been in excess of the amount necessary to pay 7 per cent. dividends on the total issue of Preferred Stock, $2,500,000, for the entire period. The latest years are the best. The current earnings are the largest in the history of the business.

Present Owners—the Founders—Not Selling Out

Up to the present time the Regal Shoe Company has been a close corporation, its ownership being vested exclusively in its founders, and each one has a keen interest in perpetuating the great success achieved.

The men actively engaged in the present management are young men in the prime of their powers, which fact eliminates for a long time the possibility of loss of prestige and earning capacity through the loss of the genius that created the business. They will continue to work on the same principles, and according to the same methods, which have been responsible for the rapid and profitable development of the business up to this date.

The present owners are not selling out the business. The interest which is held by them, represented by the Common Stock, cannot receive one cent of dividend until the full dividend has been paid quarterly at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on all the Preferred Stock outstanding.

The Regal Shoe Company is recognized by the shoe trade, by leading newspapers and by other periodicals, like World's Work, System, National and McClure's, as being the leading shoe concern in the world founded on most successful and practical principles. It is frequently referred to by well-known writers on business system as having the most efficient and systematic organization for the handling and perpetuation of its business.

All who are interested in this offer are cordially invited to inspect the factory at Whitman, Mass., and to make a thorough investigation of the books, files and records of the Regal Company. *Every facility will be afforded to all prospective purchasers of stock, or their representatives,* who may come to the general offices of the company to satisfy themselves of the soundness of the investment.

Fifty-three Leading Banks in Largest Cities

from Boston to San Francisco, from St. Paul to New Orleans, have consented to act as depositories for the receiving of subscriptions and the delivering of stock certificates. A complete list of these banks will be mailed free on request. Or subscribers may remit direct to E. J. Bliss, Treasurer, Regal Shoe Company, 129 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Remittances should be made by express or money order, or certified check.

Subscriptions will be filled in order of their receipt. Money will draw interest from the date the subscription is received by us. The Regal Shoe Company reserves the right to reject any application or to award a smaller amount than is applied for.

A Prospectus, setting forth complete facts and data, will be mailed free on request, or may be obtained by calling at any Regal store. Address all inquiries

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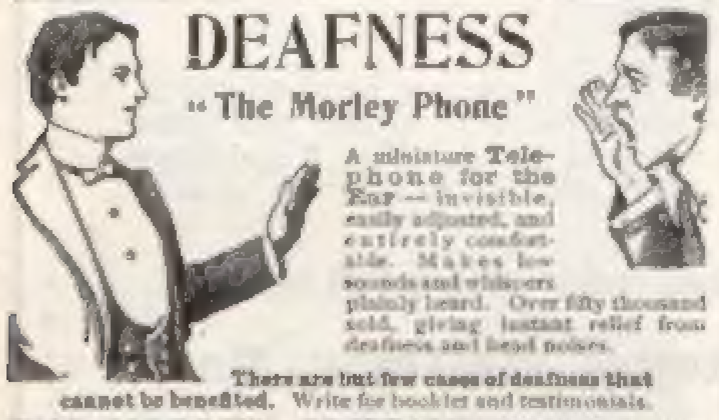

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Countess Diane

By Henry C. Rowland

The seashore and two young men walking along its unfamiliar sands. Footprints. The footprints of a girl, barefooted — an athletic girl apparently and tall — leading up the beach, now slow, now hurried, now in a quick run into the water. And then out of the water, the footprints of a man — but no more of the woman's. The two young men know that there has been a struggle and that the woman has been carried away. They follow the new trail — a trail that leads them into a maze of peril and mystery, of which Mr. Rowland has made the fascinating story that will be our next short serial.

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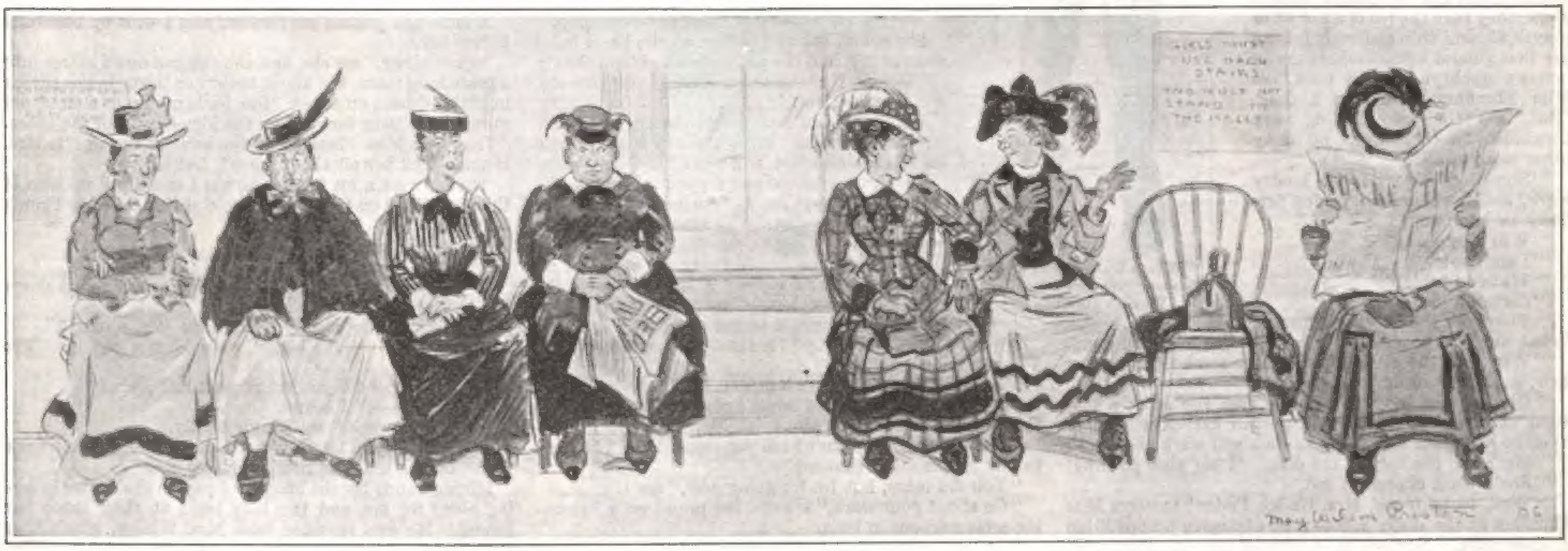
THE DIARY OF DELIA



Including Her Experiences in General Housework and Her Personal Reflections upon Certain Persons in High Places

BY ONOTO WATANNA

AROZE at 7. Washed and dressed. Made me bed. I set the kittle on the gas stove and then furyisly rung the brekfust bell. The family begun to get up an our or so later. Mr. John was the first to ate. He guv a look side ways at the appytizing eggs befure him and the luvly staming coffee and thin wid a shuv pushed them away. He tuk up his paper and begun to reed, ignoaring me and the brekfust as if we was dirt.

"Wont you be after ating this marning?" ses I.

"Its all rite" ses he. "Its all rite Delia."

I lingered, hoping to help him a bit. He russelled up the paper the way he has of doing whin provoaked and ses, in that cam and gintle way he talks when tarribly excited:

"Delia—what are you wayting for?"

"Nothing" ses I. "But wont you be ating a bite aven, Mr. Johnny." He conthrolled himsilf wid diffyculty, his vyce all the cammer for his inwurd anger.

"Now me girl" ses he. "You attind to your own ating. Niver mind me."

I shugged me sholders in the disdayneful way I have and walked kitchen-wurd. I jest reeched the dure when "Delia!" ses he, calling very perlitely now.

"Well sir?"

"Will you kindly bring me" ses he "a cup of hot water."

"Hot water is it?"

"Yep. I'm dying, Delia" ses he.

"Dying!" ses I, shocked so that I drapped and broke the china in me hands.

"Confound you!" ses he, starting up. "'Dy-et-ing' I said."

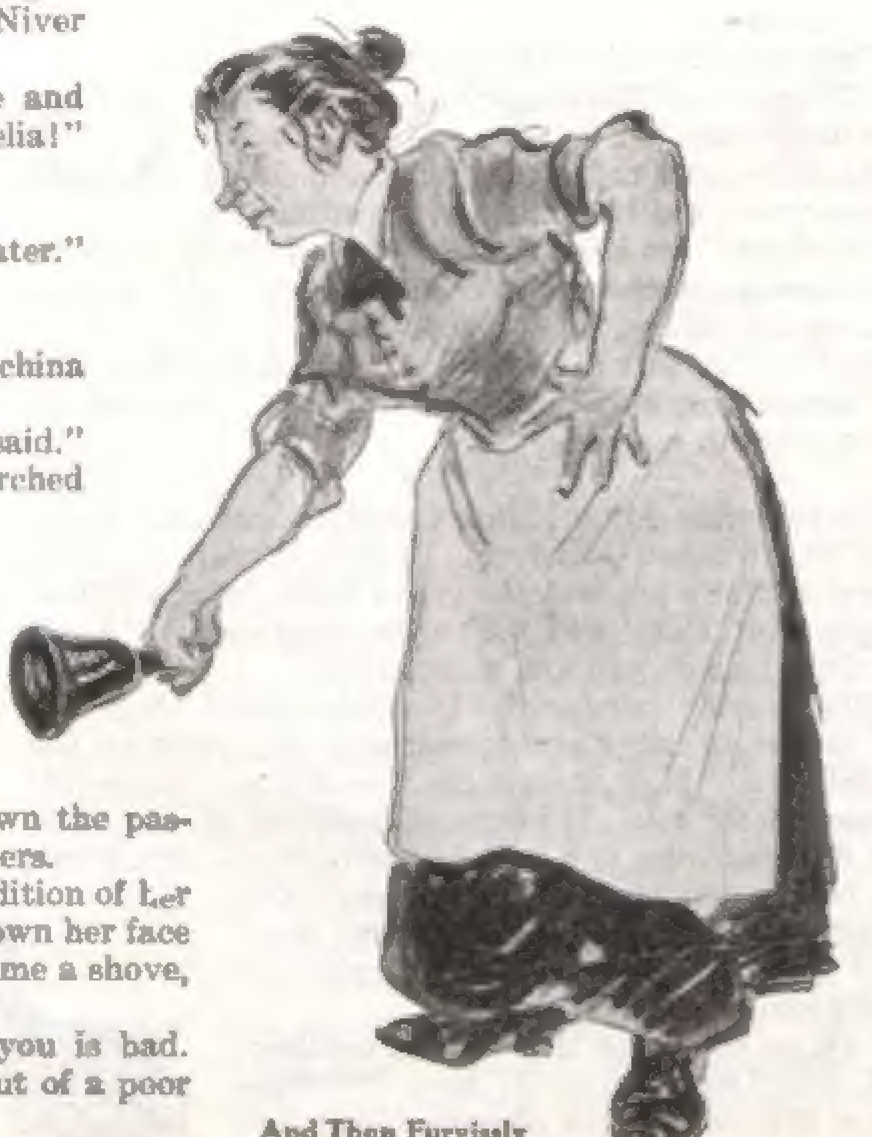
"Its the same thing," I showted back at him, and I marched out in a huff. By and by, I hurd Miss Claire go into the dining-room, and I let her ring the table bell awhile befure ansering. Her payshunce getting the better of her sinse she pokes her hed into me kitchen. Now I happened to be standing neerby the dure, wayting for further ivints. Well, as I sed, out popped Miss Claire's hed throo the dure which banged aginst me own, while me frying pan wint flying up on hers.

"O! O! O!" crys she. Her mother come running down the passage in her nitegown, her hair scrooded up in them kid curlers.

"What is the matter?" crys she. Thin she seen the cundition of her dorter. The eggs had landed on her hed, and the fat run down her face in streems with the yokes for company. The mother guv me a shove, and at that I boorst out in me rarth.

"Its no lady you are!" ses I. "The whole boonch of you is bad. Getting up at these unairthly ours and bullying the life out of a poor loan hard-working girl."

Wid that I tuk aff me aprun and throwed it at the madam's feet.



And Then Furyisly Rung the Brekfust Bell

"Will you be good enuff" ses I "to pay me me wages, for I'm for going."

"Delia" ses she in the voyce she spakes whin dressed up fine for the opery or theres company for dinner—"Delia" ses she, "your month is up on the 24th. You will get nothing till then."

"Indade!" ses I. "Then I'll set here till the 24th, but divil a bit of work will I be doing," and, wid that, I set down on me chare and faulded me arms firmly across me brist.

"Delia," ses the lady, "Mr. Wolley will want his chop in a minit. Master Willie will have fareena and a poched egg. Shredded weet biskits for Miss Claire——"

"Mummer," ses Miss Claire, washing her hed over me tubs, "I want nothing—nothing."

Just then Mr. James wint into the dyning-room and rung the bell lowdly.

"Peeches and pancakes" ses Mrs. Wolley coldly.

Miss Claire has her hed washed by this time, and she stands oop, wid it rolled in a towl. She guv me wan look—a cross betwane a shmile and a frown, and ses she:

"Delia, do you wish *me* to get brekfust today?"

"God forbid, Miss" ses I, and wint to wark.

Miss Claire is horty again, and she ses wid a cold look at me:

"Very well thin Delia, till the 24th then. Come mother."

Next day. Its a weery world this is. Here I be, a pure, loansome female alone in this crool city working for foaks wid lether harts.

"O wirra, wirra, wirra!" as me auld mother used to say.

Next day. Aroze. Dressed. Washed.

I wint to see me frind Minnie Carnavan last nite and feel better the day. Ses she:

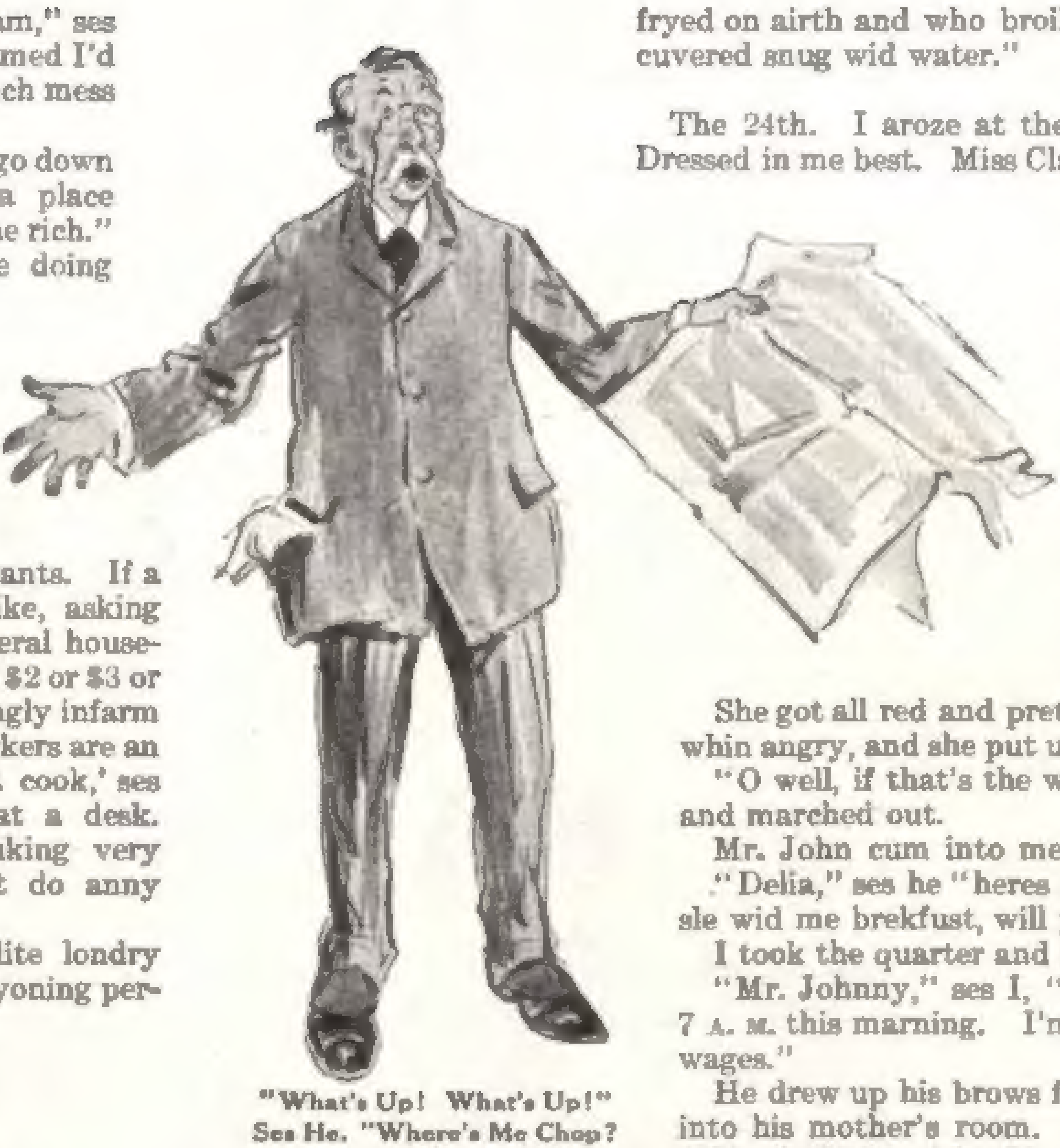
"Its a fool you be Delia O'Mally. The idear of you doing all the wark in a family of 6. Its no more sinse you same to have than an eediot, and you a craychure of 20 and past. Delia ses she, its the gurls that's been here long that's foolish like yursilf. They get stook wid wan famly who hangs on to thim for deer life. The new wans green from the auld country aren't hiring out to do gineral housewark. Its cooking in a family of 1 or 2 they're looking for and getting. Its lite chamberwark or waiting on a table or the like. There's never a one so green as to hire out to do the hole wark of a family. Your auld fashuned and saft" ses she. "Go down to Mack's on 3rd. Avenoo. Git a job for a munth or so as capper."

"And what is that?"

"Well, you tak a job" ses Minnie, "but you dont kape it."

"And what wud be the sinse of taking it for thin?"

"Why, you gump, for ivery place you tak Mack gits a fee of $3. You get harf for fooling thim."



"What's Up! What's Up!" Ses He. "Where's Me Chop? Where's Me Chop?"

"Its an onest gurl I am," ses I wid scorn, "and its ashamed I'd be to mix mesilf in any such mess as that."

"Well then," ses she, "go down to the Alluyunce. Its a place where they get jobs for the rich."

"And what wud I be doing there?"

"Dont you mind what I'm after maning? Its the rich ladies who pathronize them. Its a foine thing indade for thim. The Alluyunce fills oop there houses wid the sarvants. If a loidy walks in modest-like, asking swately for a gurl for gineral housewark, they take the fee of $2 or $3 or maybe $5, and thin smilingly infarm her that gineral housewarkers are an oonown quolity. 'Tak a cook,' ses Miss Flimflam, seeted at a desk. 'But,' ses the lady, luking very thrubbled, 'a cook wont do anny other work at all.'

"'Sumtimes they do lite londry wark,' ses Miss Flimflam, yoning perlitely in her hand.

"'Will they clane?'

"'Land, no!'

"'Wate on table?'

"'Certainly not.'

"'Thin,' ses the lady in disthress, 'what am I to be doing? I moost have me wark dun.'

"'Why,' ses the clerk, a little more awake, 'hire other girls, as the rist of our pathrons do.'

"'Oh,' ses the lady, 'I suppose,' ses she after a moment of thrubbled thort, 'if I get an exthra woman in to clane and wate on table, the cook will wark cheeper?'

"'Hm?' ses the lady at the disk. 'I big yure pardin?'

"'She'd wark cheeper, I sed.'

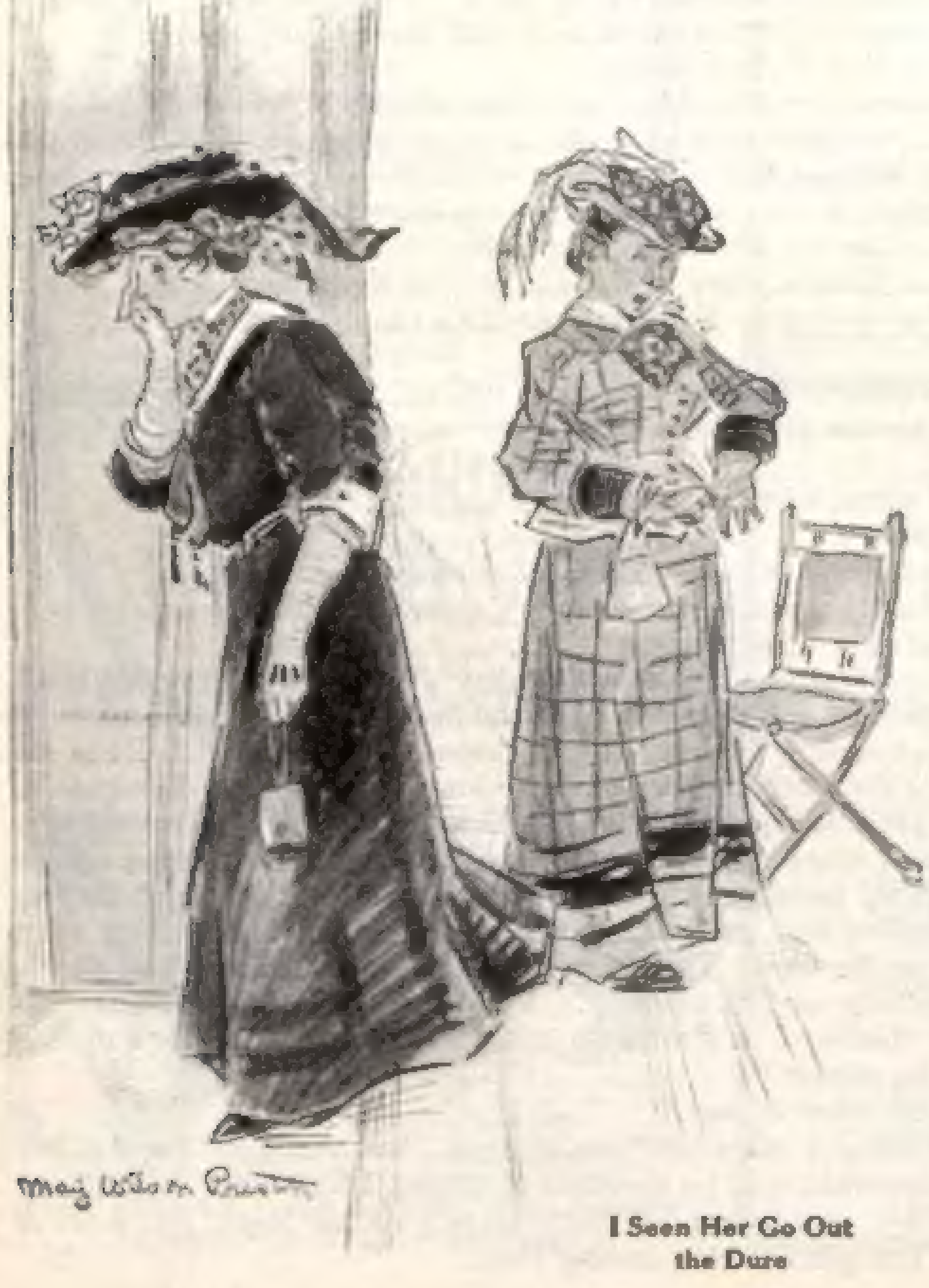
"'Well, to be frank, Mrs. Hodge Podge' answers Miss Flimflam at the desk, 'a cook's an expinsive proppysition in these days. Now, we have thim all the way down from $200 a munth to—er—well, you mite git an inexperienced beginnir for about $30, tho I cant promise.'"

"Your fooling, Minnie. Shure no cook gits such a forchune," ses I.

"Its thruth I'm telling you. Why, I heard the uther day that Mrs. Vanderfool do be paying her cook $20,000 a year, and, what's more, the papers state theres an agytation now on foot among the bizzy club wimmin to let the puir hard-warking girls, who've been impoased upon, yuse the parlor wance a week to see there company in."

"You dont say!" ses I, "and to think of me droodging for the starving wage of $20 per month!"

"Well," ses Minnie, "I wont misguide you, Delia. That is the wages of a green girl who niver saw a Frinch pertater fryed on airth and who broils a stake in a sorspan cuvered snug wid water."



I Seen Her Go Out the Dure

The 24th. I aroze at the ushil our. Washed. Dressed in me best. Miss Claire cum into me room brite and airly. Ses she: "O Delia, here's that auld green skurt of mine you always liked. Your welcame to it."

"Thanks," ses I, "but I expect to be making sooch grand wages soon, Miss Claire, I'll be bying finer skurts than that." Wid that I pushed the skurt aside wid contimp.

She got all red and pretty, as she has a habit whin angry, and she put up her hed hi in the air.

"O well, if that's the way you feel!" ses she, and marched out.

Mr. John cum into me kitchen.

"Delia," ses he "heres a quarter. Now hussle wid me brekfust, will you?"

I took the quarter and flipped it round.

"Mr. Johnny," ses I, "me munth is oop at 7 A. M. this marning. I'm after waiting for me wages."

He drew up his brows frowning, and wint aff into his mother's room. A moment later the auld gintleman himsilf cum bloostering out. Its his ushil custom to get up at 10.

"What's up? What's up?" ses he. "Where's me chop? Where's me chop?"

Master Willie started in to ball, and Mr. James kept ringing the table bell. Sooch a house I niver seen. Out came the madame in her ushil nitegown.

"Delia," ses she, "didn't I tell you yesterday I'd decided to guv you anuther chance?"

"You did mam, but Im for going now," ses I.

"Go about your wark," ses she, her proud voice becoming a bit narvous in toan.

"Im waiting for me wages, mam," ses I.

"Delia ——" she guv a hasty look about her, thin she spakes in a coaxing vyce:

"Now, Delia, be sinsible. You no we think warlds of you. Now ——"

Joost then, Miss Claire looks in, her face still red wid the snub I'm after giving her about the skurt.

"Muther," ses she, "dont descind to begging Delia to remane. *Let* her go. We can get on famissly widout her."

"What!" shouts Mr. James, sticking in his hed at the dure. "No cook! What's to becum of us? Are we," ses he, "to go throo a like nitemare sooch as we injured befure the advint of Delia?" Willie now cum poaking *his* hed in between his daddy's legs.

"Pleese, Delia," ses he, "guv me my fareena. *I* loves you, Delia," ses he.

"God love the lamb!" ses I and fleew to the stove, me hart going out of me body to the child.

"Hold!" ses Miss Claire, very loftily, and she cum over to me and tuk the dubble boyler out of me hand. "Put on yure things," ses she, "and go. At *once*," ses she, "at once!"

Then she turned to her brothers and parents.

"Go back to the dining-room," ses she. "*I'll* get brekfust today."

Mr. James guv a dredful groan, and sloonk off to the dining-room, wid his hands on his stummick.

"Mamma," ses Miss Claire, "pay off Delia. Youve been composed upon long enuff" ses she. "Hereafter *I'll* manage things."

And me, the last of 1700 girls in the same place—for so I larned from me frind the janitor's wife—walked out wid me $20 in me pocket.

The following day at Minnie Carnavan's house. Aroze at 8:30. Washed—all over. Dressed in me best. Borrowed Minnie's hat wid the grand white ostrich fether. Minnie wint along wid me to the Alluyunce. "For," ses she, "its saft you are, mavorneen."

After paying our fee of $1 we set around thegether wid meybe 40 uther unforchnut girls in a room on the sicond flure. "Now, raymimber," ses Minnie, "no *gineral* housewark for *you*. It's a grand cook you be, or a foine first class waitress, or a grand chambermade, or a nurse to a babby, oonderstanding all about bottle feeding. Now, raymimber what you are."

"I begin to have misdouts, Minnie," ses I, trimbling inwardly.

"Ah, go wan," ses Minnie, wid contimp, and, joost thin, wan of the Miss Flimflams (for so Minnie has them all named) cum into the room and ses in a loud voyce:

"A nurse! I've a call here for a nurse. Must be first class. Consumtive. Wages $10 a week."

"Tak it!" wispers Minnie, excitedly, and she pushed me along.

"Are yu a nurse?" arsks Miss Flimflam, looking at me misdoutfully.

"Well, mam," ses I, "It's manny a yung wan ——"

"O deer!" ses she impayshuntly, "a *trayned* nurse is what I want. Are there any trayned nurses here?"

There wint a little pockmarked woman forward.

"What have you dun?" arsks Miss Flimflam.

"Well, deerie," ses the pockmarked lady, "I've tinded to invaleeds since i was so high, deerie."

"O!" ses Miss Flimflam, and wint out larfing.

She'd been gone but a minit whin a stout Miss Flimflam cums in in a hurry. She reeds frum a paper in her hand:

"2 lady's maids, bootler, 3 chambermades—cook—in fack all nicessary sarvants for a big coontry place. Now, first of all—a thoruly first class cook—er ——"

Minnie had pushed me forward and I wint up bashfully befure her.

"Cum along," ses she, and she tuk me down stares into a grate long room, wid about twinty or thirty ladies sitting in grand drisses on sofies. She leeds me up to a stout old yung lady sitting farward on the idge of wan of the sofies. "This," ses Miss Flimflam in the swatest voyce, "is Mrs. Regal. Tell her all about yersilf, Delia."

The lady set a bit further farward and lifted up wan of thim spicticles on top of a reel gold shtick called in Frinch Lorgons.

"How old are you?" ses she.

"Twinty" ses I.

"—— five" puts in Minnie quickly, for she'd cum down wid me.

"Ah, 25! How minny yeers have you cooked?"

"Well mam ——," i began, whin Minnie put in: "Tin yeers."

"What wages did you get at your last place?"

"Twinty ——" I began.

"Twinty a week," ses Minnie boldly.

The lady looked tarribly startled. "Hoo did you wark for? Lit me see your riferinces," ses she.

Minnie hands her the boonch of papers she's after bringing along for me, and the lady looks at them throo her lorgon. Me own riferince from Mrs. Wolley, which Miss Claire handed me proudly as I was stipping out, I also had handed to the lady, and I'm all oopset and red wid anger at the pinch on me arm Minnie is after giving me. The lady looks up wid her eyes shnapping.

"Why, these riferinces are for 2 differunt girls," ses she.

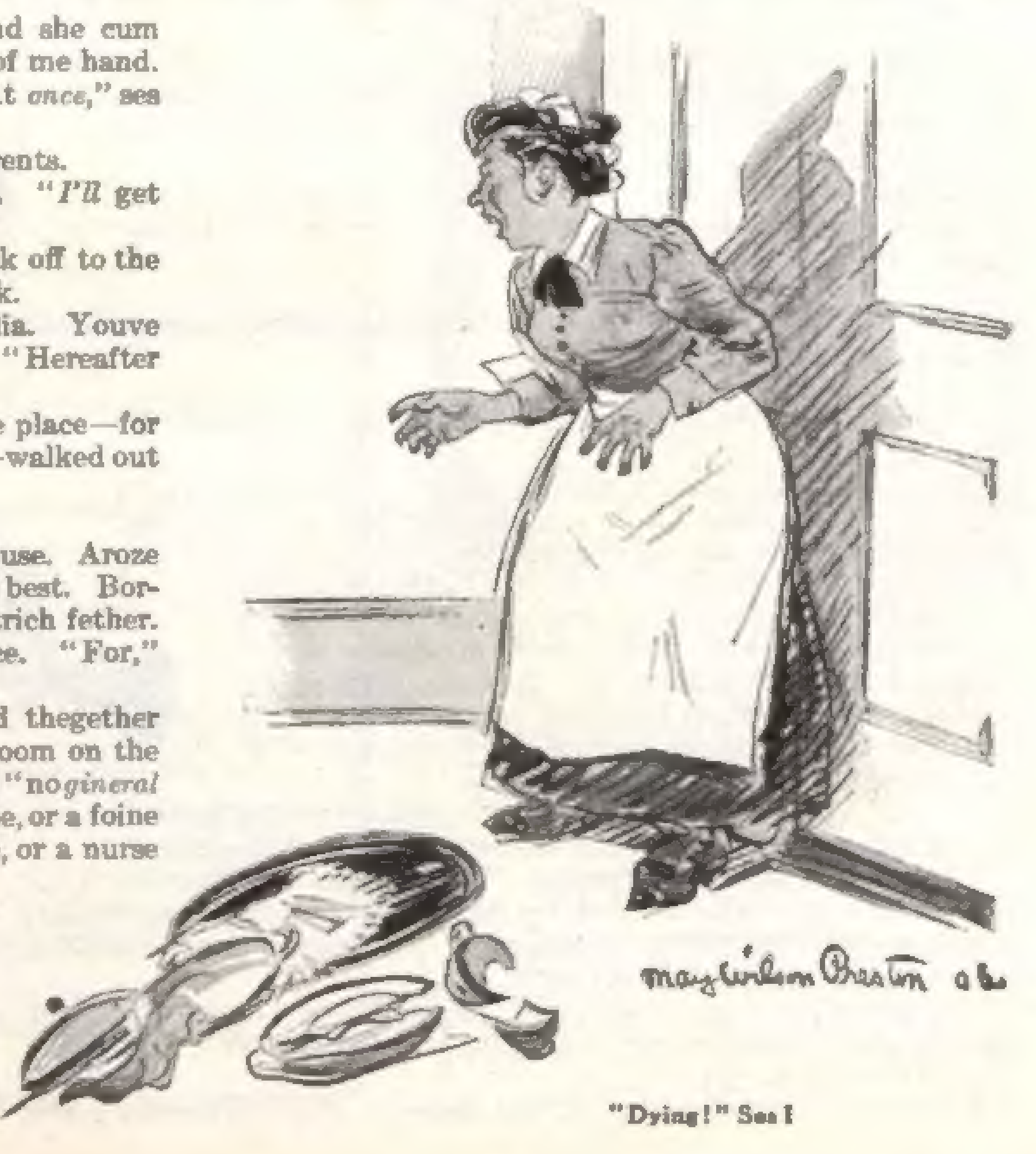
"Luk at that, wud yer?" ses Minnie, playfully. "Now, didn't she be after giving you *my* riferinces, too, by mishtake? *This* is mine," ses she, and tuk me letter from Mrs. Wolley frum the lady's hand.

"Hoom!" ses the lady, and looks me over frum hed to feet throo her lorgon.

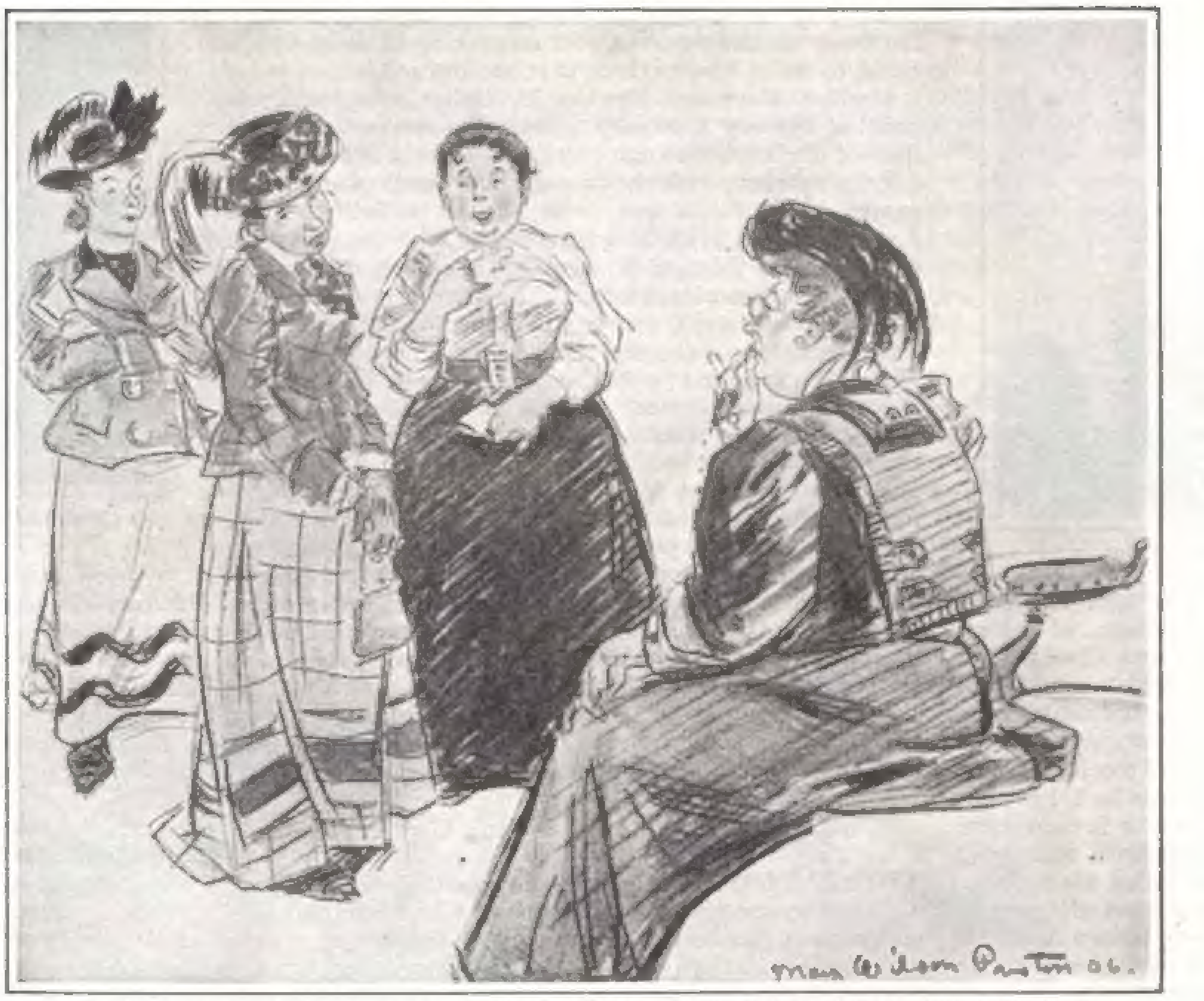
"What's your name?" ses she, and refers to the letters.

"Delia," ses I innercently, "Miss Delia O'Malley, if you plaze, mam."

She set up stiff. Then she got up and putrified me wid a horty stare. Then she swipt over to Miss Flimflam, her silk pitticoat swishing behind her wid anger. Miss



"Dying!" Ses I



"This," Ses Miss Flimflam in the Swatest Voyce, "is Mrs. Regal. Tell Her All About Yersilf, Delia"

Flimflam cum over to me and grabbed me by the arm. She pushed me tord the stair.

"Minnie," ses I upstares, "its seeries thrubble youve got me into now."

"Shaw!" ses Minnie. "Its dun ivery day. They kno it. Delia, there's twinty ladies for ivery wan girl. Your safe from anny blacklist, darlint."

We seen Miss Flimflam cuming in at the dure, and me gilty hart misgiving me, I grabbed Minnie by the arm and we wint out of wan dure as Miss Flimflam wint in by anuther.

"Delia, its a gump you are" ses Minnie wid scorn, "but never mind, ye've dun enuff for today. We'll be back tomorrow."

Following day. Awoke. Aroze again at 8:30. Dressed. Washed.

Minnie and I interfiewed the follering ladies in regard to a position.

Mrs. Spunk. Offered me $20 for cooking—2 in family. Wages were too small. I refused it wid contimpt.

Mrs. Drool. $25 cook and londress. Minnie told her londry work wud spyle me hands.

Mrs. Lambkin—8 in family—Cooking, $30. Minnie sed Id be after waring the souls of me feet off rooning oop and down for the 8.

Mrs. Colebin: $30. Cooking and waiting on table. Minnie sed no cook cud be expicted to wate on table orlso. Me arms wud be after aking wid passing the hivvy dishes around.

Two weeks later. I wint to the Alluyunce today for the first time alone. Minnie sed she was worn out wid kaping me frum accipting the woorthliss places offered by the pathrons of the Alluyunce. "Ye shud have enuff spunk yersilf by now," ses she. "Dont be saft. Raymimber ladies is your natrel inimies and bastes of prey on puir hilpless sarvant girls."

Miss Flimflam spyed me as soon as I intered, and tuk me by the arm just as I was going to the room upstares.

"Im glad" ses she corjully, "youve cum alone. Your frind was a inkubust" ses she. "Now, cum rite along wid me. Theres a swate little lady wants a girl just like you," ses she, "and she's willing to pay you well and treet you," ses she, shmiling, "like a lady."

Wid that she leeds me acrost the room to wan of the sofies, and pushes out wid her foot wan of thim camp stules for the girls to set upon.

"Good marning, mam" ses I, lifting up me eyes modestly, and then I give sooch a joomp the dumed stool dubbles up under me and down I cum wid a boomp on the fiure. For there, sitting looking at me, very much surprysed and horty, is Miss Claire hersilf. She smiled a bit whin I picked mesilf up, and ses I:

"Why, miss, the site of your pretty face just about flabbergasted me. How are you?" ses I.

"Quite well, thank you" ses she, very stiffly.

"And your mother?"

"——er—mother is pretty well" ses she.

"Your father?"

"Papa is—er—about the same" ses she.

"Mr. Johnny?"

"Still dy-et-ing, Delia."

"And Mr. James——"

"James—well, Delia, nun of us are very well. James *ses* he has interjecshun."

"And what is that?" I inquires cooryissly.

"——er—a sort of pane in the—er—stummick" ses she.

"Is it billy-ake youre meening?"

She blushes, and ses, "I suppose so."

"Who do be doing the cooking?" I arsks.

"Well—er—*I* tried. Delia, dont you dare to larf" ses she indigantly.

"Larf!" ses I, "Why, Lor bless your hart, darlint, I'd more likely be weeping for the unhappy family."

She leened tords me, wid her horchure quite gone, and, looking as meek and swate as a kitten in thrubble, "Delia," ses she, "Ive had elivin girls in since *you* left" ses she.

"You puir lamb!"

She puts on that weedling voyce she has whin bothering me to let her make mussy foodge in me frying pans: "Delia," ses she, "w-wudnt you like to cum back?"

I shuk me hed. Then she set back, her horchure cuming back agin.

"O well," ses she, "there's hundreds of uther girls."

"Yes," ses I "the same as the elivin youve had."

"Delia" ses she wid pashion, "for pity sake do come back. I did thry to do my best, but its like attimting to plase a family of porkypines since you left and O! those awful craychures that came after you left. Why, wan of thim," ses she indigantly "was want to tak the soyled table linen—aven the lace doylies—for dish cloths."

"O Miss Claire" ses I "you dont meen them buties you made yersilf?"

"Yes, indade," ses she, turning her face away.

"Miss Claire——" ses I.

"Yes, Delia" ses she quickly, turning round in a bounce.

"Nothing" ses I, angry wid mesilf for me weekness.

"*Delia,*" ses she despritly, "we've tuk a place in the cuntry. We *must* have a girl. Its dredful to think of being widout one. Oh, Delia! *do please* cum wid us."

"No-o—Miss——," ses I a bit tremendulussly.

"I'll—I'll—give you that old—er—its not relly old—black taffita jacket of mine," ses she.

I shuk me hed.

"——and the skurt wid the box plates," ses she, "and you can have that tucked shemysett,—you no, the one you do up so luvly."

"No, Miss Claire," ses I firmly, getting up. "I'm for uther wark than gineral housewark." She got up also.

"Very well, Delia," ses she. "Its hard on me—so much trubble——." Thin her blue eyes run over, and she walked away, wiping thim wid her hankychiff. I seen her go out the dure. I filt a sinking at me hart. Minnie Carnavan was forgotten, and, like the eediot she ses I am, I made a grand dash fur the dure, wid all the Miss Flimflams of the Alluyunce and the ladies thimsilves gaping after me in horrow. I seen Miss Claire half a block away, and I run after her puffing:

"Miss Claire! Darlint! Miss Claire!" I called after her. She turned about, and guv me wan look. Then she made a dash. Her parrysol flew out of her hand.

"Oh, Delia—you *duck!*" ses she, and kissed me wid a smack, hugging and squazing me manewile.

There cum thray yung doods marchin' down the Avenoo, and, as Miss Claire taks me in her arms, the bauld yung chaps stud still and looked at us and shmiled. Thin one bint down and keerfully picked up the parrysol and wiped it wid the slave of his foine gray coat. As me and Miss Claire extrycate ourselves he offers it to her wid a bow. She toorned red as a peeney and her bloo eyes guv one luk up at the dood, then drapped demoorly.

"Thanks" ses she. "Thanks agin" ses she, as he likewise returns her rist bag. He lifted up his hat, waited a bit for more thanks, and thin marched aff, shmiling like his face wud bust. *She* smiles too, and ses I, boorsting:

"Its a roomance, Miss Claire! Be all the saints in Hivin and airth, ye've luked into the eyes of your hoosband."

"Nonsense" ses she, laffing, "you're the same old silly, sintimintal Delia. Cum home, deer."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MAYOR OF CLEVELAND

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

MAYOR OF TOLEDO

THE atmosphere of the city hall in Cleveland is different from that of most city halls. There the visitor, having heard that Cleveland is the best-governed city in the United States, will notice at first, perhaps, no outward difference; the building is old and haggard, the offices are dim, the corridors dingy, and through them hurry the throngs that present fleeting glimpses of the worried, anxious face, lined with care or scheming, that is typical of American cities.

All at first is familiar and usual, but the visitor bent on essentials and seeking the meaning and soul of things, will note, presently, the pervading influence of a new spirit, renewing his faith in democracy and stimulating his hope of the ultimate success of the great American experiment. He will miss the low, cynical tone of our political life, the disheartening conviction that here, in these chambers, are going on the machinations of politicians, plotting to perpetuate themselves in the enjoyment of those privileges and perquisities we so long have regarded as the right of politicians and officeholders; he will miss the sordidness and the squalor that have made municipal politics at once the disgrace and the despair of our cities; he will miss the sense, one might almost say the odor, of the machine, the boss, the ward heeler. He will miss the influence of practical politics.

But no, that, after all, is just what he will find. For Cleveland has learned, as some other American cities have learned, and as all American cities are soon to learn, that practical politics, in its late meaning, is not practical at all, but most impractical—if not wasteful, extravagant, inefficient and corrupt—and that the new politics in reality is the only practical kind. The old politics—the politics of the savage, wolfish party, with its machine and its boss, and corporate wealth and tainted money ever standing in its shadow—was practical only for the politician; and yet, not for him either, considering what it cost him in character and how wholly it robbed him of the best of life. The new politics is practical for the people, who are the city. The old politics regarded public office as a privilege, or, as it was cynically phrased, as a private snap; the new politics regards public office as a responsibility, and no snap at all, but a difficult, laborious, and yet, withal, inspiring job.

When the visitor enters these offices he will not hear men talking politics; wards, precincts, committees, conventions and all that are not often spoken of. He will hear instead talk of the city. For Cleveland has the city sense—that is, the consciousness of collective effort, the new realization of a civic personality. In these offices he will find officials who are not so much political, as municipal, experts. To be sure, the old-fashioned partisan, who thinks all is going well so long as his party wins, will sneer in reply that they can get the votes, and so they can; but that is because the people of Cleveland have learned that, in voting for these men, they are voting not for street-car companies or other public-utility corporations and special privileges, not for the few rich these support in luxurious idleness, but for themselves.

The visitor will meet, in these officials, a coterie of interesting personalities, strongly differentiated, and yet

One of the Cottages on the Boys' Farm

working with a common aim, and that aim to realize democracy in their city. They are just men, of course, very human men, who make mistakes and all that, but men who are saved from their mistakes by an integrity of purpose—that is, they are men with ideals and aspirations.

There, for instance, is Peter Witt, the working-man in politics, the radical, erstwhile blacklisted mechanic, who has been on strike and gone hungry because he believed in a principle; he is the city clerk, and yet he is more than that: he is a student of economics, albeit with nothing of the doctrinaire, nothing of the academician about him; he is a speaker of striking originality, a kind of agitator, who believes in what the Socialists—who have a name for everything—call "the propaganda of the shock." He understands taxation and revenue; for months he conducted a tax school in the city hall and instructed thousands of citizens in that most important and least understood function of government—the raising of revenue.

The Sort of Men Who Run the City

THEN there are the three Directors of Public Service, headed by William J. Springborn, the business man in politics, but with this difference and novelty, that he regards and looks after the city's business, instead of his own; in which respect he is unlike the business men who have too long been in politics, constructing machines, debauching councils and legislatures. Mr. Springborn has charge of the cleaning, paving and lighting of the streets, and, in a word, of all those municipal activities known as public works. One of Mr. Springborn's colleagues on the Board of Public Service is the Rev. Harris R. Cooley, and the other is David E. Leslie. These, too, have their departments, for, in Cleveland, the Board of Public Service does not sit daily as a board; the directors distribute the public work, accomplishing what the Ohio municipal code should accomplish but, one is tempted to say, purposely tried to prevent—that is, efficiency and municipal progress.

Each of the three Directors of Public Service is an expert in his own department. Mr. Leslie has charge of the parks, and under his régime they have ceased to be maintained at public expense for the exclusive use of the rich, a place where they may drive in victorias or speed in automobiles; instead they have become parks for the people, with no forbidding signs, "Keep Off the Grass," but with tennis courts, golf links, baseball grounds, swimming pools, comfort stations, playgrounds and all that.

Mr. Cooley is the preacher in politics; the disciple clergyman, who, ceasing to be a mere preacher, has become a minister, and a minister indeed, and as Director of Charities and Corrections has befriended the poor, the forgotten, the imprisoned, all that host of a city's population who are down and out. Mr. Cooley was appointed by Mayor Johnson Director of Charities and Corrections under the old Cleveland special charter, and under the new general municipal act was elected to the Board of Public Service, which succeeded to the powers and functions of the old directors. And here Mr. Cooley has continued to act as, and even to be called, Director of Charities and Corrections. He has built up an amazing system, a reformed workhouse, with a night-school organized and conducted by the prisoners themselves, with a system of paroles aimed to keep men out of prison rather than to keep them in, to help them rather than to hurt them. He has established a municipal farm of 1600 acres, where the prisoners work out-of-doors, where there is a boys' home, an infirmary and a tuberculosis hospital.

"Oh, Mr. Cooley," cried one of the boys at this boys' home, "you ought to come out here some night and see what fine stars we have!"

There are no stars in the slums where that boy came from, not even stars of hope, or were none until Mr. Cooley, in the real spirit of Jesus, began quite literally to "preach the gospel to the poor, . . . to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Besides, there are Newton D. Baker, the lawyer in politics, likewise a novelty because he serves the people instead of clients who can pay large fees; he is the youthful city solicitor, with the face and the ideals of a poet, an expert in municipal law, who has successfully advised Mayor Johnson in his long legal battle with the street-car corporations; Edward W. Bemiss, the college professor in politics, the superintendent of the water-works; Carl H. Nau, the accountant, now city treasurer, who has been the mathematician of the traction problem, and Frederic C. Howe, the scholar in politics, lawyer, State Senator, and Mayor Johnson's intimate friend and adviser, appointed by the Government to investigate municipal ownership in Europe.

Each of these men is a specialist, and all work together for the advancement and upbuilding of the city; they really represent the people, and not some special interest; they have the American, not the European, idea of government—that is, each regards himself as a representative, a trustee, and not as a ruler, and his office as a responsibility, not as a privilege. Working thus together they have accomplished a great spiritual victory in freeing a people; they have accomplished quite as much in a material way, and it is their achievements that have caused Cleveland to be called the best-governed city in America.

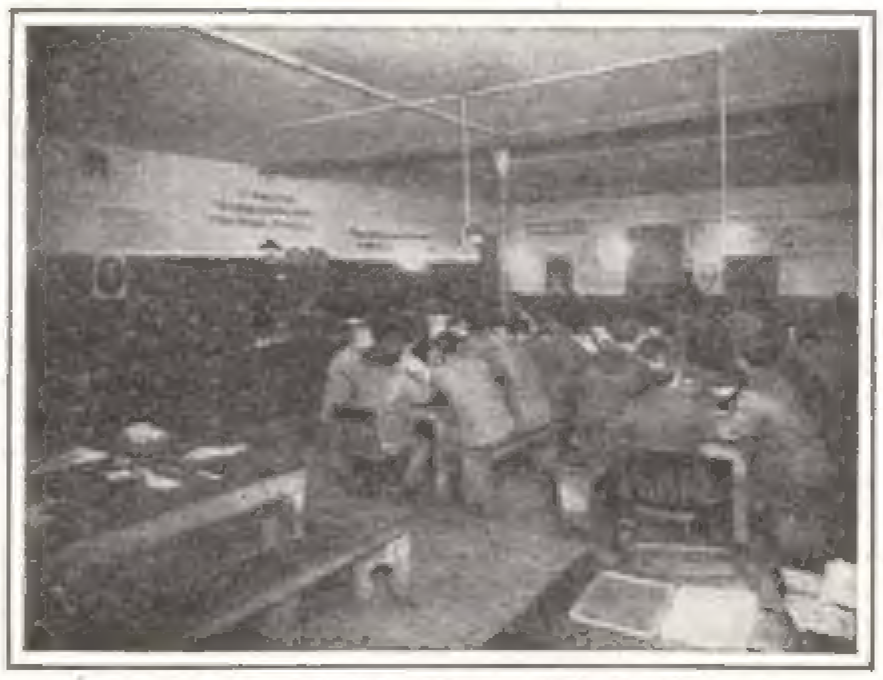
The Mainspring of the City Government

IF CLEVELAND is the best-governed city in America, it is because the people of Cleveland understand self-government the best. It is not enough that a city have honest officials, that it have clean streets, an economical or even a "businesslike" administration; not enough, even, that it have "good" government. These things are well enough, and requisite enough, but they are not all. A feudal despot might so rule a city; and the boss always promises to give the people "good government," but to do this he must first wrest the government from its owners, the people, and they are then in the frightful danger of never getting it back again.

American cities should not be ruled. America was instituted to do away with rulers, and to provide in their stead representatives. America has not yet accomplished this; we still speak an Old-World jargon, still conceive of officials as rulers. As if the people should elect men to put yokes on their necks! If Cleveland is the best-governed city in America, it is because the American idea of a people's government is better understood there than elsewhere; because more of the problems of democracy have there been worked out; because there the people have more completely realized themselves as a people, as a mass.

But behind and above all these personalities looms another personality—a tremendous, dynamic, magnetic personality, the friend, the leader of them all, the organizer of this immense American victory. That personality is Tom L. Johnson, who has been designated as "the best mayor of the best-governed city in the United States." First of all, though by birth an aristocrat and now possessed of a fortune, Mayor Johnson is fundamentally a democrat, a lover of people, a believer in people, with cultured sympathies for the aspirations of the mass, not for a class, of mankind.

Mayor Johnson is round, fat, with well-cushioned nerves—as is necessary for one whose life is a constant warfare. The curly mass of hair, once black, has been thinned and grayed in those battles, but his mouth has not lost its winning smile, the lines in his face are those of a strong character, and at fifty-two his gray eyes look out on the world kindly and humorously and happily. Though he does not believe in war or in force, Tom Johnson is essentially a fighter—an irrepressible fighter who is never whipped. He is always cheerful, always hopeful.



Night-School at the Workhouse. The Pupils are All Prisoners, as are the Teachers

To him yesterday was a good day, but to-day is better; to-day is the very best of all days, save to-morrow, which will be better yet. You should see him with his coterie of friends, followers, adorers about him, sitting before the wide hearth in the great hall of his Euclid Avenue home, one short, fat leg tucked up under him, a black cigar in his delicate, white, expressive hand, smiling, cheerful, confident, sure of victory, even though another injunction has just been served on him, and he knows that all the forces of Special Privilege, his sworn enemies and implacable foes, are laughing in glee. His followers may be discouraged, he never; he only laughs, and—puts them all to work. He is filled with an energy that is terrible, contagious, amazing, appalling—an energy that is a thing to marvel at, an energy that is exhausting, even, to every one but himself.

Once, when a little boy, he had laboriously set up in a row the animals of his little Noah's ark. A passing skirt whisked them all down; a little cousin was in tears, but he laughed and cried in glee:

"Look! Look! Two of them are standing, and that's enough to begin over again!"

When he went to Congress they tried to shelve him. They put him on the Committee for the District of Columbia. With his genius for municipal government he went to work and created an upheaval in the revenue system of the District of Columbia. That was after he had become a single-taxer, and the report on taxation which he made to Congress was, and is, a classic document on that subject. He also contrived to distribute, with the help of a few colleagues, under his frank as a public document, more than a million copies of Henry George's Protection or Free Trade, giving that work a larger circulation than all the six best-selling romantic novels ever had.

The Books that Influenced Johnson

TOM JOHNSON was past thirty and had a fortune before he came to himself. He had been a street-car magnate, a mere rich man before. But one day, on a railroad train, a news-agent induced him, against his will, to buy a cheap copy of Henry George's Social Problems. He read the book and was interested. Then he got Progress and Poverty, and read that, and as there dawned upon him the awful realization that the poverty of the world had kept even pace with its progress, he experienced a spiritual awakening, and a revolution was created in his life; as the Methodists would say, he was "converted." With his energy he sought out Henry George himself; they became fast friends, and Tom Johnson devoted himself thereafter to the cause of fundamental democracy. He had never made a speech then; now he is unexcelled as a campaigner, and as a debater, of the rough-and-ready kind, he has no superior.

"Mr. Johnson," asked his opponent in his last campaign, "isn't it a fact that the Cleveland Workhouse under your administration has lost money?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Mayor promptly; "we are not trying to make money in the Cleveland Workhouse; we are trying to make MEN."

The career of Tom Johnson is a brilliant and striking example of the potency of personality. His enemies delight to call him a "Boss." Inasmuch as his enemies, for the most part, are either all bosses themselves or those whom the bosses represent or control—corporation lawyers, franchise seekers, street-car and railroad magnates, blathering politicians, editors of party organs, and all the host of the parasites of privilege—this accusation is compromised and weakened

There is No Military Drill as in Many Other Such Institutions. The Idea of Destruction is Not Taught; Instead They Organize the Boys into a Fire Company, and the Idea of Saving is Inculcated at the outset. But the charge is, at least, worthy of investigation.

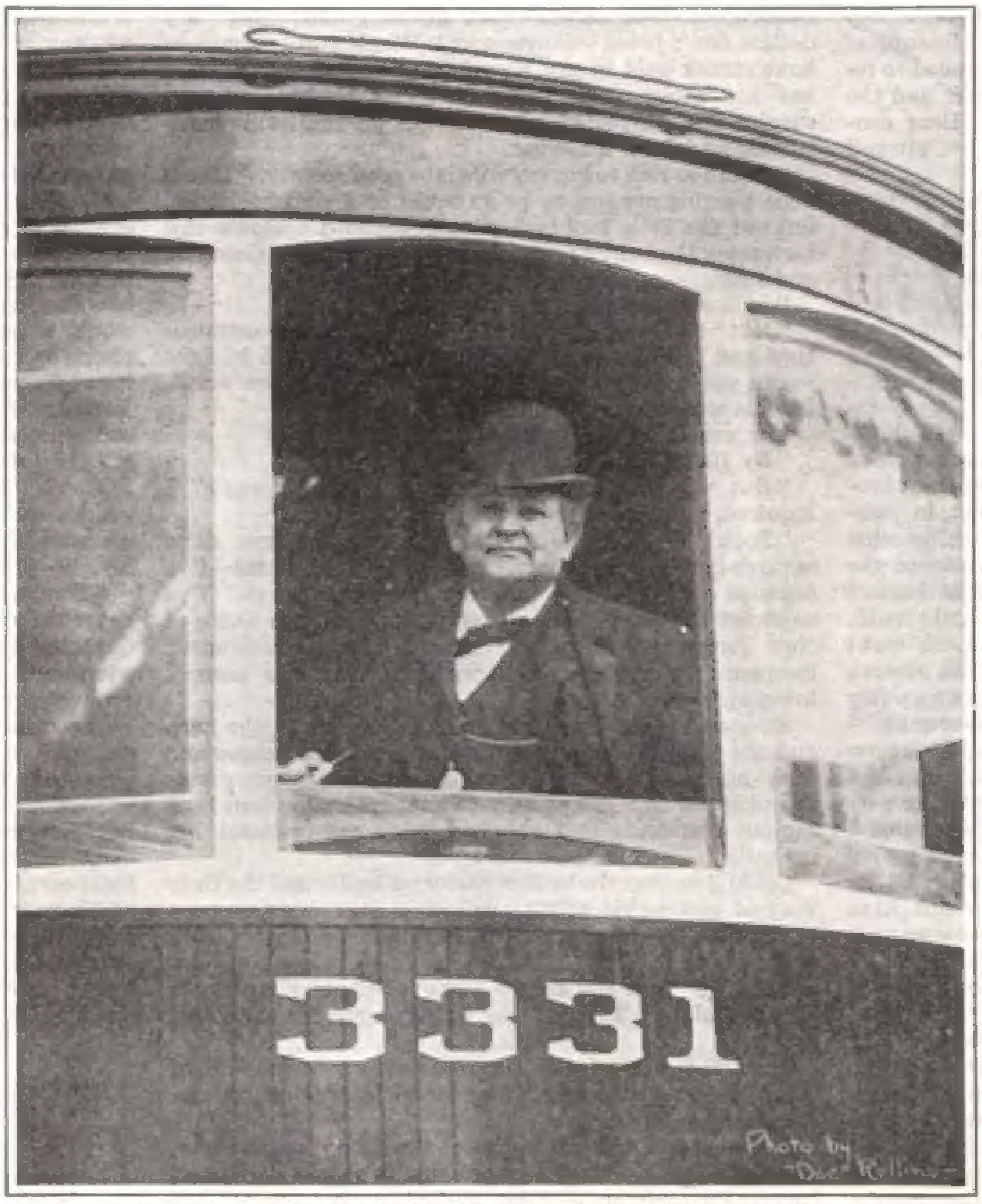
It is true that, in some particulars, Tom Johnson possesses the qualities of a political boss. If an amazing ability to influence, organize and lead men is the determining qualification of a boss, then Tom Johnson is a boss; if to win at elections is the qualification, then Tom Johnson is a boss; if to shape, direct and control the course and destiny of an administration in both its legislative and executive branches is to be a boss, then is he a boss.

Little Beginnings of Big Bosses

BUT are these all that denote a boss? Are there not distinctions that must be made? All bosses show the power of personality, all are natural leaders of their fellows, all have executive ability, the faculty of organizing and directing men and affairs, and that indefinable quality called personal magnetism. But this is not enough to determine whether a man is a boss or not.

To determine whether or not a politician is a boss, in the common acceptation of the term, it is necessary to ask two questions: 1. How does he get his power? and 2. What does he do with it when he gets it?

In the first place, the American party system is responsible for the political boss. To be more explicit, the American party man—that is, the man who votes the straight party ticket—is responsible. Voters divide into factions or parties, on national issues; then, to promote those issues, they effect an elaborate organization, with national, State, district, county and city committees. The boss is a city product. By his power as an organizer he secures control of a city committee; having this committee he controls the convention; for, as of old, two can put ten thousand to flight, and a few men, with a chairman who will recognize them, by agreeing previously what motions to put, etc., can organize, sway and manage a convention and rule a whole people. They select the candidates first; then the delegates to the convention; finally, the partisans ratify their nominations at the polls, and the system is turned upside down. The boss makes the nominations, and the voters of his party, feeling that they must be "loyal" to the party, vote for the candidates who were chosen, not by the convention, but by the boss and his henchmen—that is, by the organization, the smoothly-working "machine"—long in advance of the convention. Because of this partisan blindness, because the members of the party will always vote for its nominees, in local as well as in national elections, there is no real campaign, but a farcical contest in which only national issues are discussed; the boss, by beating the tin-pan of party regularity, hives the swarming partisans, and his nominees win. To make his machine impregnable he effects an agreement with the boss of the minority party, and henceforth is secure in his power.



Tom Johnson, Mayor of Cleveland, Running His First Three-Cent-Fare Car

Thus the boss rises to power. But now, having risen to power, what does he do with that power? In whose interest is the city government run? The experience of American cities has been that the government is run for public-service corporations; they have been given special privileges, franchises, out of which swollen fortunes have been made, and for which money has been paid—not to the people, not to the city, but to the boss. That is, the boss and the government or administration he controls have stood for the privileged few, and not for the proscribed many, and that is why American municipal government has been so extravagant, so shameless and so corrupt. The boss' officials have regarded their offices as privileges, not as responsibilities or trusts; they have looked out for special privileged interest, and not for the general communal interest.

The decent citizen of the so-called better element has complained now and then, but he has seldom got beyond demanding that city officials should not steal the people's money. No more damning indictment of American municipal government could be drawn or imagined than this, that nothing more than a mere negative goodness should be required.

Tom Johnson has attained to political power, he has organized victories, and all that, but he has never run for Mayor on a national platform, he has never appealed to partisan feeling, has never invoked the spirit of party loyalty, has never asked the Democrats of Cleveland to vote for him because he is a Democrat and had his name on the ballot in the Democratic column, under the rooster. His campaigns have always been waged on local issues, never on national issues. His appointments have been made regardless of party affiliation, not as rewards for political services, but with a view solely to efficiency. Witt was a Populist, Springborn and Howe Republicans, Cooley was not in politics at all. Mr. Johnson had, it is true, "captured" the Democratic organization in Cleveland, and in the early days of his career he may have been confused by the old party idea, may have been influenced by the stock arguments about the necessity for organization, and yielded to the temptation to "play machine politics." But for all this he paid, and paid dearly. There were in Cleveland, of course, men who were selfish time-servers, ready to take advantage of his successful movement to advance themselves, but he has long since broken with them.

But in all essentials, in all but name, indeed, his candidacy had been independent and non-partisan; its ideals have been those of the larger democracy—that is, if they have been democratic, it has been democratic with a little "d." His political power has been used in behalf of the people, his long, desperate battle for a three-cent street-car fare, now after six years at last won, shows that. Many other things show it, but one thing more than all—that all the big corporations, street and steam railroad, and the rest, all the special privileged interests that for years, through their alliance with political bosses, have exploited the people—all these have influenced the many agencies they control, party organs, the institutions of property, "society" itself, and kept editors, to abuse and vilify him as few American public men have been abused or vilified.

Why? Because at last we have a business man in politics, but in politics in a sense that the business man—that is, the big business man, the magnate, the financier, the capitalist—does not like and can hardly abide. Tom Johnson is an example of the business man in politics in the only way he should be in politics. Tom Johnson for six years has conducted the business of the city of Cleveland as a business man would conduct a business—that is, for the benefit and profit and in the interest of those who own it—the people of Cleveland. He has not conducted it in behalf of those who do not own the city, but want to own it. That is why they cry out and rail against him.

But in this dingy old city hall, soon to be replaced by another, one of a group of public buildings that is to give Cleveland an artistic civic centre and make it one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and an inspiring proof of what free democracy can do in the way of municipal art, where will the visitor find the Mayor himself? Probably not in the city hall; for Tom Johnson is not an office Mayor, exhausting himself on details. He is the responsible manager of the business of this tremendous corporation, a restless spirit of fearful energy and resistless purpose, dashing about all over the city—yes, all over the State and nation—directing all these other men, getting an amount of work out of them that is almost appalling. Tom Johnson is primarily an executive—he has that strange, inexplicable, much-coveted, almost magic talent known as executive ability. No, the visitor will not be likely to find him in the city hall unless he were to meet him by appointment. If he were, he will state his business, the Mayor will listen, holding him to the issue; waiving aside all immaterial considerations, his mind goes directly to the point, and forces his interlocutor's to go there and stay there. Then he decides instantly—in a flash. His rule is to decide every question promptly and thus be right two-thirds of the time, rather than to hesitate, and wait, and weigh, and consider, and be wrong two-thirds of the time.

Sometimes he makes mistakes; when he does he makes big ones, for this big man does everything on a big scale. But when he does make a mistake he is big enough to admit it. He says so frankly, with a wave of his expressive white hand, and goes on—always goes on.

But our visitor may find him, perhaps, rolling swiftly along the street in his French touring car, for buying which machine abroad he was reproached by his opponents in his campaign, to whom he replied:

"That complaint comes in bad grace from you beneficiaries of a protective tariff. I paid $5000 for that car abroad, and then I paid you $3000 more in protective tariff duties for bringing it into the country."

Or the visitor may find him in the street, superintending a gang of men, tearing up, by his order and under police protection, miles of street-railway tracks that the city's three-cent-fare line may be built; smoking a cigar the while, nonchalantly thrusting into his pocket the latest injunction the corporations have obtained, and ordering the work to go on in defiance of it. Sufficient unto the return day is the contempt of court he is committing.

Or he may find him in Columbus, lobbying with the legislature, though not, like other lobbyists, for the corporations, but for the people—that is, for municipal enabling acts, for the initiative and referendum, for the recall, for home rule in cities, for municipal ownership, for a two-cent railroad fare, on which issue he ran twice for Governor, was accordingly called an anarchist and defeated, but lived to see his own victory when the legislature two years afterward almost unanimously passed a two-cent-fare bill. Or he may be surrounded by his helpers, planning the next move in his five-years' war with the traction companies, slowly but irresistibly, against all the tremendous obstacles that Special Privilege, with its lawyers and judges and legislatures, can roll in his path, making his way toward a street-car line owned by the people on which they shall ride for three cents.

Street Cars are This Mayor's Hobby

STREET cars are more than Mayor Johnson's hobby, they are his specialty. Out of street cars he made a fortune, beginning as a boy of fifteen, after the Civil War, which had ruined his father and left the family, one of the aristocratic of Kentucky, penniless; he was in the street-car business, first in Louisville, then in Indianapolis, then in Detroit, Cleveland and Brooklyn. He has seen the street-car business grow up since the old days when in cities several private individuals owned and operated the primitive bobtail cars drawn by mules.

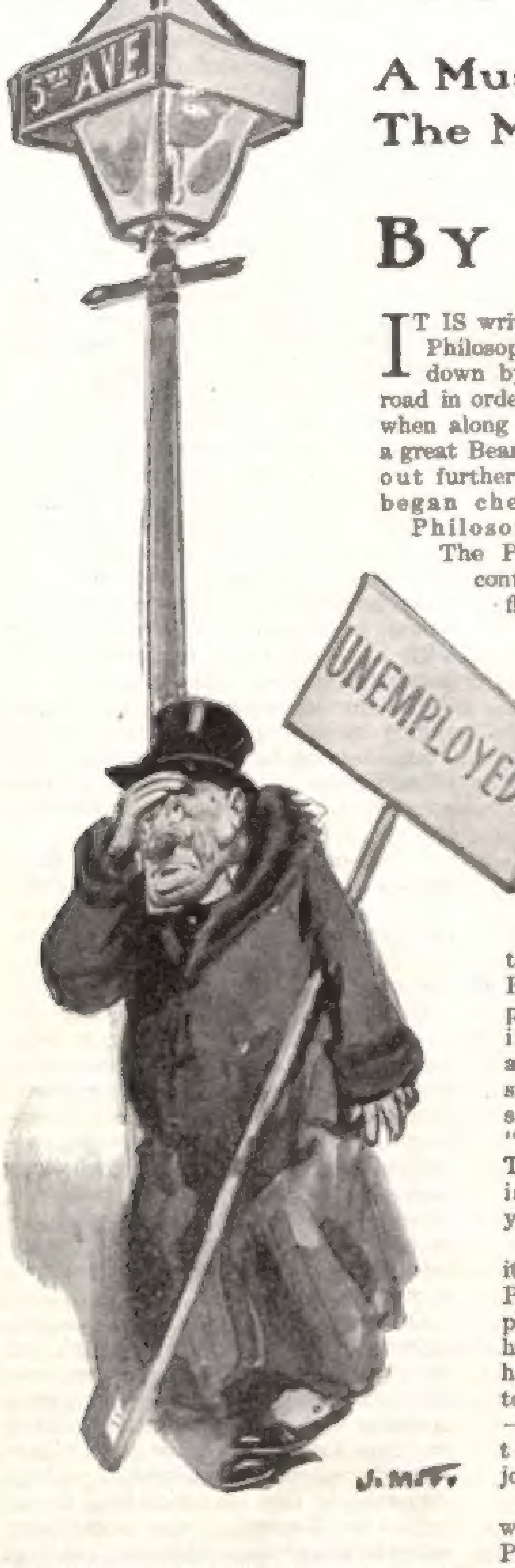
To Mayor Johnson the street car is symbolic. He hopes and expects to see the day when the street-car systems will be further developed, when they will be owned by the cities themselves, and operated as communal enterprises; he expects to see them develop thus just as the streets on which they run have developed, just as other activities—public schools, hospitals, asylums, sewerage systems, police forces, fire departments, waterworks, electric lighting

(Continued on Page 30)

SWOLLEN FORTUNES

A Mushroom, a Fortune and a National Debt—
The More You Swell 'Em the Better They Get.
—Maxims of a Monopolist.

BY WALLACE IRWIN


5th AVE
UNEMPLOYED!
J. M. F.

IT IS written that a Philosopher once sat down by a lonely road in order to reflect, when along there came a great Bear who, without further warning, began chewing the Philosopher's leg. The Philosopher continued to reflect and the Bear continued to chew, till a Philanthropist, in passing, became aware of the situation and shrieked, "Look out! That Brute is gnawing your ankle!"

"I know it," said the Philosopher, "but I haven't the heart to interrupt him—he seems to be enjoying it so."

That is the way we, the People, stand in relation to New York's more notorious millionaires. Our leg is being chewed—or pulled—at a tremendous rate by the Brutes with the insatiable maw and the swollen fortunes; yet it seems a shame to interrupt animals who are enjoying a feed as they are. Yet *are* they enjoying themselves thoroughly? Isn't there dyspepsia among bears who chew too constantly on shin-bones and gum boots? Doesn't the continual breathing of money tend to coat the lungs, larynx and œsophagus with a layer of gold-leaf fatal to moral respiration? Let us see New York.

On that wealth-choked corner of Fifth Avenue where the River of Fortune flows into Salt Creek, and is overflowed by the Rising Tide of Prosperity, I beheld a sadly significant sight not many months ago. A celebrated Financier came and leaned wearily against a lamp-post. For days he had been traversing the streets of New York, alone with his chauffeur, looking for work. And he had found nothing to do. The Governor of the State had no place for him at Albany, there were no more street railways to merge, and the treasurers of libraries had rejected him with cold, indifferent words—they had no time for millionaires; they were busy supplying the public with the latest works of George Barr McCutcheon. Weak, sick, discouraged, the Financier was bent almost to the sidewalk.

The bitter Truth stared him in the face—he must be forevermore a Captain of Industry in the Army of the Unemployed.

The Financier wept aloud, but no one seemed to notice him; for New Yorkers are brutal to their millionaires. Unheeded his tears fell, like pearls before the passing swine. I alone was merciful. Laying my hand tenderly on his drooping shoulder I said, "Cheer up, little one!"—for he was a smallish man—"remember that hansom does as hansom cab, that every cloud has a silver lining, and ——"

"Why drag in the money question?" inquired the weeping magnate quickly. "Why not leave me to forget it?" and he sobbed anew. "According to the latest stock bulletin my Southern Pacific investments have quadrupled over night. Talk about guinea-pigs! My dollars don't breed—they spawn! Real-estate promoters have struck gold in my Nevada corner lots, my Senator has just stolen over 10,000 miles of timber-land, my surplus is all invested in mortgages on charitable institutions and I am a Merger.

"I am too rich to get my wife into good society. I have been begging my son to be an artist or a philanthropist, but no! the little fool insists on going into business and increasing the family property. They call me an Octopus, and I am.

"Is it my fault?

"No! An Octopus can't help getting hungry about meal-time and feeding on all the suckers and jellyfish in sight—and yet he may have the tenderest heart in the world. It's his stomach that makes him disagreeable."

The wretched man groaned.

"By 1920 I shall be a trillionaire."

"But why not dump it, burn it, give it away?" I inquired, clutching at hope.

"Pooh!" replied the multi. "Schools, colleges, dime savings-banks, dime museums, divorce courts—I've founded a flock of 'em in every county on earth. I've endowed the East Side and pauperized half the State of New Jersey. With what result? The advertisement increases my profits; the more I pay out the more I bring in."

Even as I spoke a red automobile drew up to the curb and the millionaire stepped briskly into the machine and took his seat next a beautiful lady. Her gown was dripping jewels. It was easy to imagine that it had been raining diamonds and she had gone out without her umbrella.

Could it be that the baffled plutocrat had found the Only Way of getting rid of his surplus?

But what do you suppose the neighbors were saying back in Pittsburg?

The New York 400 has to-day over 40,000 members in good standing. This is going briskly, even for the smart set.

The 400 is numerically almost as strong as the United Order of Foresters, and it is better off financially because the dues are larger.

The most honored and respected pirates do not, however, go in for society. They rely principally on golf and grand larceny for their amusement, and when they are not out of town, dodging a subpœna, they put in most of their spare time building huge mansions up and down Fifth Avenue.

The poor man builds a house to live in, the rich man to rent, the plutocrat to keep away from. In the Swollen Fortune Section of New York you cannot help wondering why those lines of pompous family hotels were ever called private residences. In order to be considered good form the owners of these edifices board them up—cover windows, doors and copings with ugly, drab clapboards—while they linger in Newport or Scotland making themselves as uncomfortable as their means will permit. If you own an architectural behemoth in New York and want to be considered *especially* good form you must also stay away half the winter, thus keeping your mansion crated for shipment nine months out of the year. The best families, I am told, never unbox their palaces at all, but divide their time as follows: summer in Newport, autumn in France, winter in Italy. Thus many of the Kremlins which glare over Central Park are never inhabited except by the housekeeper and the cat; a billion dollars' worth of priceless, if bogus, antiques are sewed perpetually into canvas sacks; miles of expensively uninteresting family portraits by Sargent and his imitators gaze sadly down upon the richest Italian carvings the Pre-Raphaelites of Grand Rapids have yet produced. The lord of the manor is sobering up at Karlsbad, the heir to the house is drinking himself to death at Ostend, and the lady of the manse is applying for a divorce in North Dakota. The consummation of wealth and culture has thus come abruptly to a head.

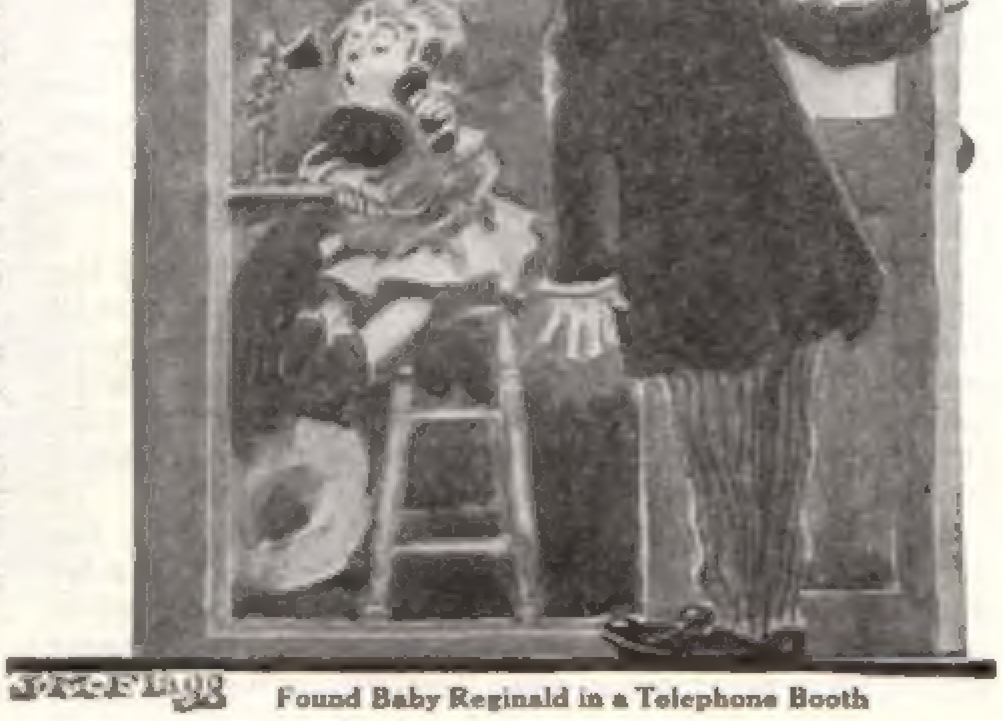
Due to the charming custom of absentee residents, Central Park East, where the wealth and beauty of Pittsburg and Tonopah have erected vast altars to Plutus, presents the appearance of a long line of enormous and irregular packing-boxes broken here and there by some stuccoed bit of French monstrosity. If the owners of these boarded-up abodes are at home they must be living secretly in the little room off the kitchen, for the members of New York's exclusive 40,000 count it shame to be caught in town.

An enterprising advertising man (whose own fortune has ulcerated considerably of late years) once perfected a brilliant scheme whereby the weatherboards of the wealthy might be converted into things of beauty and commerce at one violent stroke. After some observation and much computation he figured it out that there were almost fourteen miles of unused billboards standing the year round on the mansions of upper Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive. If these spaces were plastered tastefully with advertising posters the result would be a relief to the eye, an interest to sightseers, a fortune to the promoter!

"Think o' how tasty, how romantic it would 'a' been!" he confided to me later, tears welling to his eyes. "Think how the Rubes a-coming to New York for a summer visit would 'a' enjoyed it! How the man who toots the maggyphone on the rubberneck coach might 'a' hollered in passing: 'To your right, ladies and gentlemen, is the famous Vanastorbilt mansion, the one with the dove-colored strips nailed over the windows. The sign-board over the grand doorway says, PUNK PILLS for FOOLISH FOLKS. The renaissance château to the left is the residence of J. Pinpoint Gorgon. The building is entirely concealed by the large advertising fence labeled, BILLSON'S—THAT'S ENOUGH!'

"That was one o' the greatest advertising schemes that never succeeded," said the promoter sadly. "Most of the Captains of Idleness that I approached said that their wives and daughters objected to having their names connected with any purely commercial enterprise."

Generations of dodging tax-collectors, reformers, sheriffs, old college chums, anarchists, etc., have bred in the possessors of unwieldy wealth a sort of hypocritical, self-conscious, offhand, ostentatious modesty. A fledgling plutocrat is apt to refer to his city mansion as "my den," and to his flame-colored juggernautomobile as "my little cart." If a multi-millionaire meets you at the club and says in a careless aside, "If you and your wife are in town Wednesday drop in and take pot-luck with us at seven-thirty," accept, but not too lightly. Your wife will be expected to wear her silver-lace gown and the diamond tiara which Aunt Florence lent her; you will be expected



Found Baby Reginald in a Telephone Booth

"I Haven't the Heart to Interrupt Him——"

to array yourself in your highest collar, your broadest tie, your carnelian studs and your gilt waistcoat buttons. You may expect to sit down with twenty guests to a dinner of twenty courses, and you may expect a cotillon to follow the announcement of Miss Van Burlap's engagement to the Earl of Nothingham.

A Little Brother of the Rich once came to me with a look of almost human pathos in his doglike eyes. "Don't you know it's perfectly ripping, old chap, and all that sort of thing, to be saying those jolly nasty things about luxury and accumulated wealth and such beggarly rubbish—don't you know? But the fact is, we've stolen a march on you—'pon my word we have! We've returned to the simple life, by Jove! laid aside the splendor and luxury business, and all that rot. We've gone to Tuxedo and built ourselves a—a bungalow!"

Disguising myself in a hundred-dollar suit of overalls and attended only by my valet I repaired to Tuxedo to rough it a while in my friend's rude cabin. I took an extra pair of blankets with me, because I had slept in bungalows before and I feared cold nights.

At the crest of the hill, beyond the keeper's lodge, I found my friend's bungalow, a simple three-story affair built in Tudor-Gothic style of graystone and black oak with towers and flying buttresses. The path which led to this primitive structure was macadamized twenty feet on either side to allow for passing automobiles. It was four in the afternoon when I arrived, and my friend and eighteen guests were enjoying a simple country breakfast in a bronze dining-hall a hundred feet long. A corps of liveried servants were trimming the ballroom with palms and orchids, for the hostess was preparing an old-fashioned country dance for the evening.

I found that lady and her daughter out on the veranda, for they did not believe in early breakfasts, they told me.

"May I smoke?" asked the débutante, blushing prettily as she lit a fat, black cigar with her own lily-white hand. I had come on purpose to study the simplicity of the rich, I explained.

"The rich," said the elder lady, "are always simple. They are as simple as any organism with only one cell. Complex thought or action becomes unnecessary to them, so their days and nights are devoted to the primitive enjoyments of extravagance and display. It is fine to have unlimited wealth, because you can lie like a sponge in a bath of liquid gold with nothing to do but absorb. This is called the Simple Life."

"Will you kindly explain to me why this magnificent château goes by the humble name of 'bungalow'?"

"Easily," replied the lady. "There are no electric lights in this house, and eight of the guest-rooms are furnished with Navajo blankets."

"And why do you regard your life here as informal?"

"Because the servants appear in half-livery, and dinner-coats are permitted in the evening."

"Do you regard your fortune as being in any way swollen?"

"Well, we regard it as slightly puffed out in places—but there! Please don't worry me any more with questions. Mother has just died, and all sorts of irritating things have happened. Gwendolyn, won't you please step over to the piano and play us something to cheer us up—there's a dear."

So the gentle Gwendolyn, after tossing her cigar on the lawn, touched lightly the keys and began, in a concert-hall soprano which she had acquired in Italy at grand-opera rates:

Though a fortune causes bloating
Through a morbid, constant gloating
  Over all the shams pertaining unto wealth;
Though the man who's always reckless
With a diamond brooch or necklace
  Gets the habit and destroys his moral health;
Though he's very well acquainted
With an atmosphere that's tainted
  By the habits of a footless, idle crew,
Yet old Plutus goes on smoking,
Eating, drinking, sleeping, joking
  Very much the same as other people do.

For a millionaire is human, now and then.
He is bullied by his wife like other men—
  "Is my hat on straight?" she'll query,
  And he'll answer, "Almost, deary."
For a millionaire is human, now and then.

Though the millionaire has builded
For himself an office gilded
  Where you very, very seldom find him in
(Or at least a very few will),
He will jump as high as you will
  When he sits upon the apex of a pin.
Though he's always on the travel
Seeking undiscovered gravel
  In some ocean-washed resort that's rather new,
Yet he pines to act in summer
Like an ordinary plumber,
  Just to stay in town as other people do.

For a millionaire is human, now and then.
Fond of dog-fights, children, pie, like other men.
  Pleasant days he's always wishing
  To lay off and go a-fishing;
For a millionaire is human, now and then.

When a millionaire is sleeping
And his wife wakes, almost weeping,
  Crying, "Burglars, John! there's one beneath the bed!"
Then old Plutus, with a gurgle,
Murmurs softly, "Let him burgle!"
  Promptly goes to sleep and covers up his head.
But if wife, with mad insistence,
Urges John to make resistance
  He arises, strikes a match and takes a view,
Barks his shins and fiercely mutters
Imprecations, which he utters
  Very much the same as other people do.

For a millionaire is human, now and then.
He is eloquent in pain, like other men.
  Corns and bunions keep him growling
  And a toothache sets him howling—
For a millionaire is human, now and then.

I should like to give you a passing picture of Baby Reginald MacSurplus, whose early career was identified with the beautiful, intimate home-life of the extremely wealthy. His mamma was often at home and sometimes, during the interval between bridge and grand opera, she would get a moment to peep into the nursery. On such occasions she would take the baby up in her splendid, white arms and allow it to scratch its little nose on the grille-work of crown jewels which fledged her bodice. When Reginald cried or fretted he was taken off for a trip to Peru or the Riviera. This same child, at the age of two days, cried for a milk punch and refused to be fed from any bottle less expensive than a burnished affair of Tiffany glass. He never uttered the childish words "Da-da" and "Ma-ma." His first coherent utterance was "Buy-buy!" and he said the same thing, with variations, throughout the balance of his wasteful career. He never played as other children do. His principal amusement, at the age of three, was making designs on the nursery floor with poker chips. Whenever his nurse picked up one of his toys for him he thoughtfully tipped her a dollar. One day he totally disappeared. His parents went mad with fright. Mr. Pinkerton put his sleuths on the trail, and after two hours' search found Baby Reginald in a telephone booth at the Waldorf-Astoria, ringing for a cab.

At the age of five he developed a mania for buying things. When he took the coachman out for a drive he would point at the objects desired and say firmly, "Buy me that!" The servant, before leaving on such an expedition, would invariably provide himself with a bale of banknotes, so that baby's every wish could be complied with. At the end of a busy airing the MacSurplus entourage would come home leading a dray horse, an automobile, a street-car, a push-cart, a tin can, a bag of peanuts, a soda fountain and a toy balloon.

One day Baby Reginald espied a saintly and distinguished member of the United States Senate driving down the avenue. "Oh, nurse, buy me that!" cried the angel child

Here was a predicament, indeed! The Senator, as many persons supposed, was not for sale. How could Baby Reginald's wish be complied with?

Baby Reginald, it was obvious, had set his heart on his Senator. He howled wildly all the way home, refused to play poker with his nurse, and would not be comforted with the toy roulette wheel which his doting parents had just given him for a birthday present. For three solid days and three anxious nights angel Reginald shrieked without interruption. Seven of the fashionable physicians labored bravely to calm him, but in vain.

Late on the afternoon of the fourth day a dear, white-haired physician waited on the elder MacSurplus and said, with shaking voice, "Sir, I must tell you the worst before it is too late. I am greatly indebted to you and yours. I have done you the least good for the largest fees of any practitioner in the city of New York—and that is no mean boast, my dear Mr. MacSurplus. I have removed the appendices from the MacSurpluses for three generations. Is it not my privilege to speak?"

"Tell me the worst, Doctor!" said the broken father.

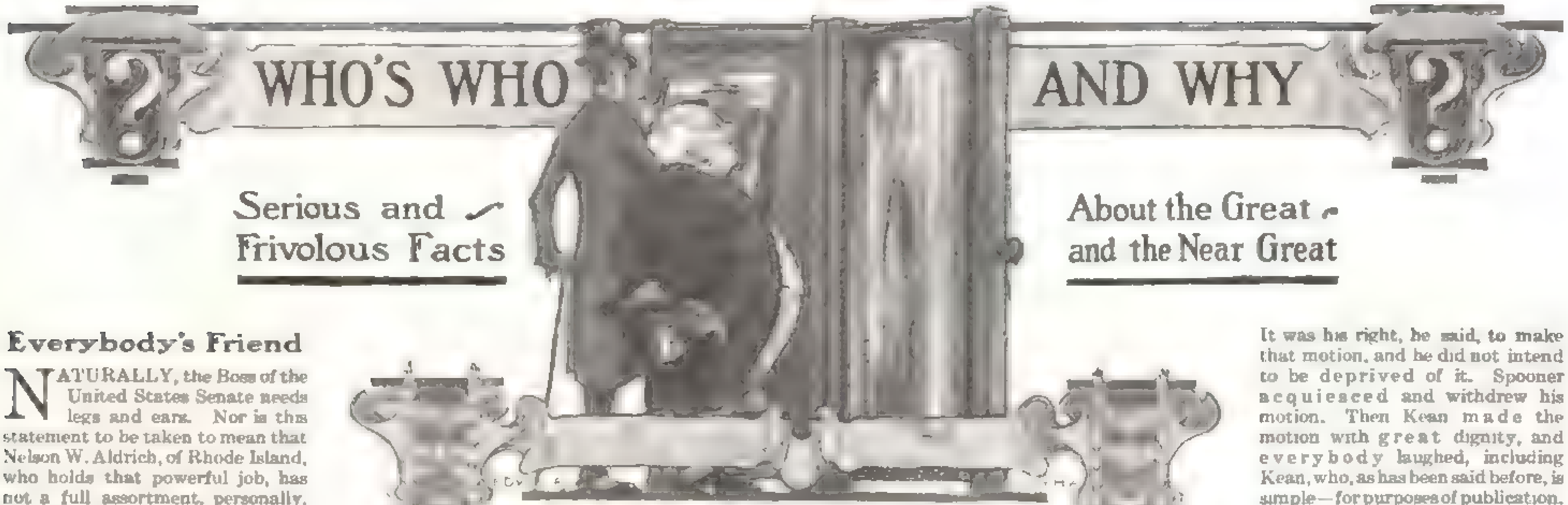
"Reginald, your Baby Reginald, must have his Senator or he will squall himself to death."

"That is a very easy remedy," replied the father, much relieved. So, on the following day, he bought a controlling interest in a railway and the Senator was presented to him as a sort of premium to go with the stock. Mr. MacSurplus promptly deeded the Senator over to his baby boy, who made the Senator his plaything and loved the old man very dearly.

And this is a touching example of the devotion of father to child, is it not?

It is one of those little, human stories which seem to put us more *en rapport* with the so-called "soulless" possessors of Swollen Fortunes.

POT ~ LUCK
J M Flagg



WHO'S WHO AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Everybody's Friend

NATURALLY, the Boss of the United States Senate needs legs and ears. Nor is this statement to be taken to mean that Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, who holds that powerful job, has not a full assortment, personally, according to correct physiological standards. What it means is that he needs extra ears and extra legs, and being a good, experienced, handy boss, with a card from the bosses' union, he has provided himself skillfully

The legs are Murray A. Crane, Senator from Massachusetts, and the ears are John Kean, Senator from New Jersey. It is of the sharpness of the ears, rather than the cavortings of the legs, that this chronicle is written, for, whatever the possibilities of the legs, they are of little use unless the ears have heard something that furnishes work for the legs to do.

There are men who invite confidence, and men who repel it. John Kean always has cards out to all the world to come and tell him troubles. Superficially, he seems to be a Professional Genial, with no other mission than to weep with you, laugh with you, and present the hearty handclasp that means so much when you have a cargo of thought that must be unloaded on some friendly dock. John Kean has a winning way with him. Four minutes after you have met him you are telling him your real name, how much you owe the bank, where you intend to spend the summer, and how much trouble your daughter is having bringing her children through the heated spell.

You can't escape it. John Kean is a natural receptacle for all sorts of confidences, and, while you may know it and resolve to be most conventional in your conversation, very soon you are looking on Kean as your original and personal rock, and you are clinging to him with a frenzied grip and simply forcing him to hear all your hopes, fears and aspirations.

Still, he doesn't need to be forced. He likes it. It is meat and drink to Kean to potter around and talk to people, and he will talk on any subject that may occur to you. If he wanted to, Kean could be the Pepys of this period, for there is no gossip he doesn't know, and no policy he has not the inside of, no motive that has not been explained to him fully, generally by men who are afraid to let themselves know what their honest thoughts are.

There is no eavesdropping about it, no spying about it. Kean simply mingles with everybody and hears everything. He permeates. His laugh is jolly, and he is welcome everywhere. Whenever there is a measure up in the Senate that is vital, and there appears to be opposition to it, Keans starts out to find where the opposition is, what it is and why it is. Aldrich is a kindly enough person, and is likable and all that, but there are many Senators who will not tell him what they intend to do. Everybody will tell Kean, and everybody knows that Kean is finding out for Aldrich, but nobody protests and all confess. It is only John Kean, you know, who is gossiping with them, and, being human, the average Senator likes to gossip back.

Always Among Those Present

ONLY John Kean—simple soul, genial, kindly, sharer of troubles, helper over rough places, bearer of burdens—only John Kean—simple soul! Ah, yes; simple soul. Simple as a fox! Absolutely as unsophisticated as any man who has been successful in New Jersey politics and business for thirty years, where unsophistication grows on the trees. Nothing on his mind but interest in the tittle-tattle. Certainly not! Nothing but that and his hair, and as acute an appreciation of what is going on in the Senate and what is needed by the ruling coterie as any member of that coterie, and more acute than most. Oh, simple John!

When you go into the galleries of the Senate and look down on the statesmen you will always find John Kean in his seat or in the chamber. If there are only a dozen Senators there, Kean is one of them. If there are eighty there, Kean is one of them. He always has his mind on his number. He listens to the dreariest debate as if he liked it. He rarely says anything, but nobody else says anything that Kean does not hear. He is aware of every quirk and quibble. He knows where every trail leads He can explain every action, and much of the time he is chatting with other Senators, on one of the big leather sofas, about any incident of the life of Washington that may be chattable, apparently with no concern about what is happening. But let things take a sudden twist and Kean is alert and watchful. He can tell why.

He moves about the Senate chamber with his eyeglasses in his hand, and stops to talk wherever an opportunity offers. One moment he is laughing with Senator Tillman and another he is gravely discussing something with Senator Lodge. He has a trick of putting his arm around the shoulder that presses against his, and when that arm is there the real confidences begin. Democrats respond as readily as Republicans to his ministrations. Everybody tells him what he wants to know.

His Simple, Winning Ways

ABOUT the only time Kean takes an active part in the proceedings of the Senate is when he moves an executive session. He has that function down pat, and there are times when the moving of an executive session is of more importance than might be supposed. Kean has rather arrogated to himself this privilege, reminding the older Senators of Don Cameron, whose specialty was moving that the Senate adjourn from Thursday until Monday. It was Cameron who, one Tuesday before the beginning of Lent, and rather bored with the work that was going on, made the celebrated motion: "Mr. President: As to-morrow is Ash Wednesday and as next Friday will be Good Friday, I move that when the Senate adjourns to-day it adjourns until Monday."

John Kean, Senator from New Jersey

Senator Spooner moved an executive session one time when Kean was ready to do it. Kean protested vigorously. It was his right, he said, to make that motion, and he did not intend to be deprived of it. Spooner acquiesced and withdrew his motion. Then Kean made the motion with great dignity, and everybody laughed, including Kean, who, as has been said before, is simple—for purposes of publication.

There has always been a tendency to make game of Kean because of his dilettante ways and his gossiping proclivities, and, as a matter of fact, from an outside viewpoint, Kean does not loom very large as a statesman. That doesn't worry Kean any. He is carrying out his part in the great drama of the Senate that is played almost everywhere except in the Senate chamber. They put on an act in plain view of the audience, now and then, but mostly the play is played in the committee-rooms and in the conferences, wherever they may be held. There are four or five stage-managers, with Aldrich at the head of them. This group is slowly changing. One or two of the leaders of the Senate are old and tired. It is time for new blood. When the change is made—and it will be a long time, for the Senate works slowly—John Kean will be found in the ruling group. He is too valuable to be left out.

'Ware Kean, if you would not unbosom yourself of all that is innermost. Do not get within the range of that hypnotic eye and that magnetic handshake. Do not start to talk about an incident at the latest great reception for fear you will soon be taking out your watch and showing him the picture in the case, and putting your hand on his shoulder and calling him: "Dear old John." If you come within the influence you are going to give up.

The ears of the Boss! If a poll is needed, Kean gets it quickly and correctly. If a recalcitrant is to be sounded to see what he really wants, Kean drops the plummet. If a motive is to be discovered, Kean is the explorer. Aldrich would not be so powerful as he is if he could not get Kean's information. The ears of the Boss—and they hear, they surely hear!

The Hall of Fame

¶ Ex-Senator Harris, of Kansas, is the leading shorthorn-cattle authority in this country.

¶ William Randolph Hearst dances jigs to amuse his little boy, and he has a light foot.

¶ C. F. MacArthur, one of the bidders for the Panama Canal, was a classmate of President Roosevelt at Harvard

¶ Mayor J. N. Adam, of Buffalo, has a fondness for dandy dinmont dogs, of which there are very few in this country. The Mayor has a kennel of them.

¶ H. H. Rogers looks like a benevolent old gentleman instead of the head of "a rapacious trust," which is what the statesmen call the Standard Oil Company.

¶ Chester S. Lord, managing editor of the New York Sun, is the oldest managing editor, in point of service, in New York. He began on the Sun more than thirty years ago.

¶ Dr. Henry van Dyke, writer of exquisite English and professor of Literature at Princeton, is a dapper little man, who always looks as if he had just come out of a bandbox.

¶ Admiral Davis, who went to Kingston after the earthquake and then went away again, was the personal conductor of the Infanta Eulalia when she visited this country in 1893 to see the World's Fair. He represented the Government.

¶ Frederick C. Stevens, the newly-appointed Superintendent of Public Works in New York State, is president of a bank in Washington, owns a street-car line there, and runs a big stock farm near Attica, New York. He has many millions.

¶ The oldest working newspaper man in Washington is Mr. Crosby S. Noyes, editor of the Washington Star Mr. Noyes has been in the harness in Washington for more than fifty years, and is now eighty-two years old and at his desk every day

THE CAVE MAN

BY JOHN CORBIN

XX

WISTAR'S position as executive head of the combination made a radical change in his daily life. It was no longer possible to give any considerable portion of his time to his old business, and his first duty was to appoint a manager in his place. He selected the head of a department, doubled his salary and promised him a block of stock in the combination. The experiment seemed to him hazardous; but it speedily justified itself Things went on quite as well as before. There is a saying that good men are scarce, and it had been a favorite of Wistar's; but he now woke up to the inconsistency of proverbial wisdom, recalling the equally approved adage that no man is indispensable.

The awakening struck harshly across all his old habits of mind; but it had this advantage, that it chimed in with his new mood with regard to Judith. What he had been all these years meant as little to the work as to her. He accepted both conclusions with the sardonic self-satire that was fast becoming habitual

He made a special point of visiting personally the many small manufacturers who had not belonged either to Penrhyn's faction or his own, for it was upon these, he believed, that the chief hardship of the new order would fall. He promised himself that he would make a place for every good man he found; and there was more than altruism in this, for he was well aware that the future of any great combination must be founded upon men of ideas and of individuality of character.

One of the weaker sisters, as he soon came to call them, was a man of Dutch ancestry, who had fixed upon his model five years before, on embarking in the business, and in all the extraordinary development of the motor-car had never seen fit to change it. He made a boast of the fact, and seemed actually to regard it as an achievement. What is more, he did a fair business with men of his own stripe.

Another was an inventive genius who had varied the standard type of almost every part, and was the proud possessor of as many patents as there are varieties of pickles—and all this before he had put a single model on the market. When Wistar went out with him in his demonstration-car, the newly-patented ignition gave out on the gangway leading out of the garage; and in the middle of Central Park his carbureter sulked, like Achilles in his tent, and refused to be persuaded. Wistar put a few questions as to his financial resources, and found that he was in high hopes of finding enough capital in the near future to pay his last year's bills. Then he bade him a good-natured adieu, and took the Fifth Avenue stage with a warm admiration for its simple reliability.

Still another man was turning out numbers of runabouts which were built, as he frankly explained, on the principle of the one-dollar watch—the best thing to be had for the money. Wistar pointed out that with such cheap and ill-finished materials there was bound to be an infinite need of repairs. The man smiled cannily and said with pride that the profits of his repair-shops more than equaled those of the original sales.

As the result of a month of hard labor, which included thousands of miles of travel, from old-world Bridgeport to newly-arisen San Francisco, Wistar was convinced that nothing is commoner in life than individuality and ideas; but he had not found one man or one idea worth securing for the combination.

With heightened curiosity he turned his attention to the concerns that had gathered under Penrhyn. Many of them, he knew, were strong and able; but about many more he had his suspicions, for his ideas of trust promotions were founded upon the practice of half a dozen years before, when Colonial blacksmith-shops and the latest developments of Pittsburg brains were rolled into a conglomerate mass and sold in shares of common and preferred. To his amazement he found scarcely an instance in which, to use the vernacular, Penrhyn had been stung. When he brought his own former allies under scrutiny, he was obliged to admit that, though assembled by a committee of coöperative experts, they contained a considerably larger proportion of dead wood.

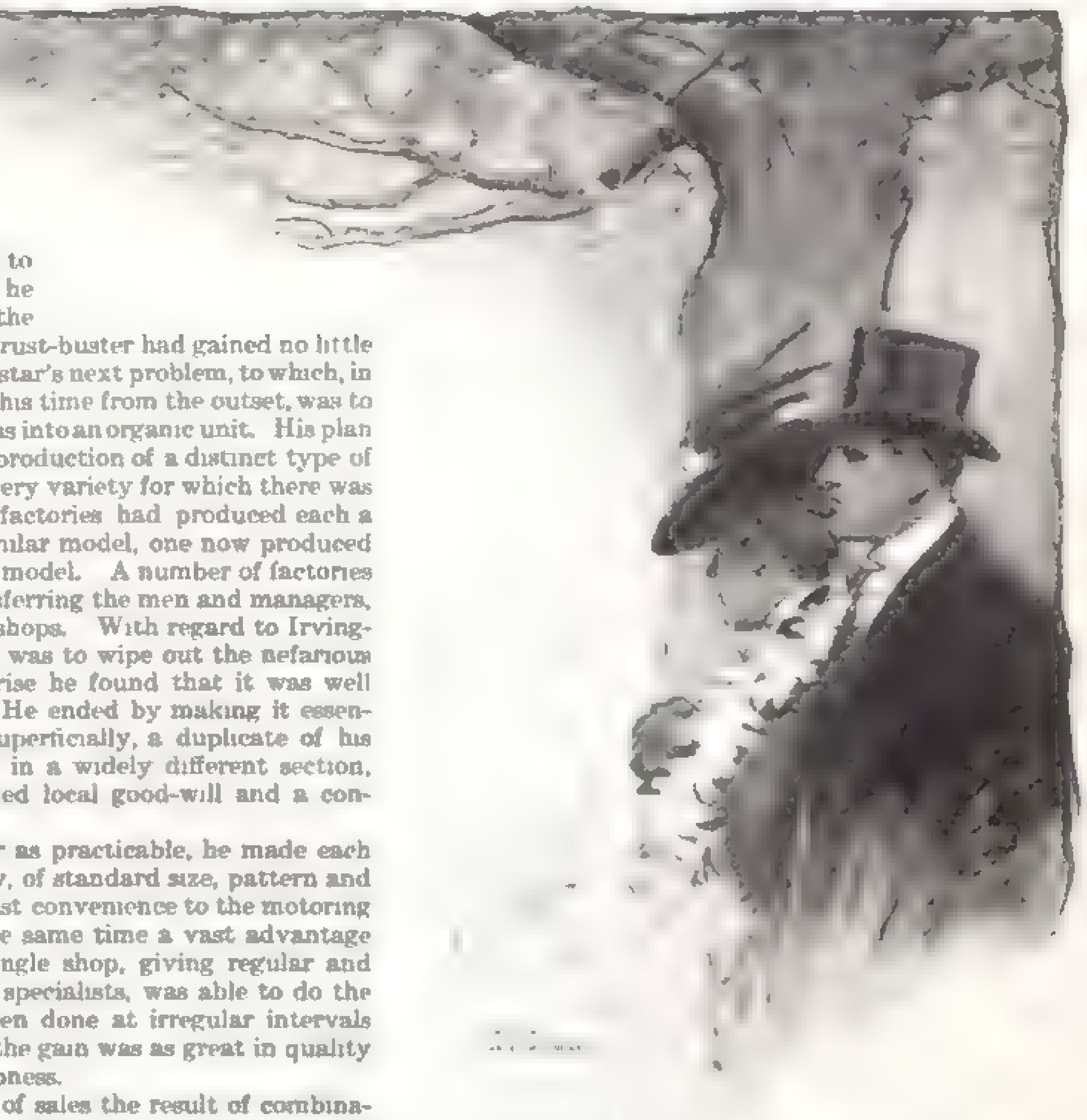
Then Wistar did some hard thinking. The sense of commercial values, he concluded, is a thing quite apart from the technical knowledge of commodities. Penrhyn scarcely knew a clutch from a carbureter, but he knew a good man and a sound plant by telepathy—or at best by the same sense that is making the sons of Abraham financiers of everything, though producers of nothing. The fact that Penrhyn had let Minot slip through his aptly meshed net Wistar now felt inclined to put down to the fact that he was only a Yankee. At the end of six months the late trust-buster had gained no little respect for high finance. Wistar's next problem, to which, in fact, he had given a part of his time from the outset, was to build up the various concerns into an organic unit. His plan was to confine each to the production of a distinct type of car, the whole to include every variety for which there was a market. Where several factories had produced each a small number of cars of similar model, one now produced a large number of the same model. A number of factories he shut down at once, transferring the men and managers, as far as possible, to other shops. With regard to Irvingdale Smith, his temptation was to wipe out the nefarious concern. But to his surprise he found that it was well organized and profitable. He ended by making it essentially, what it had been superficially, a duplicate of his own. The plant operated in a widely different section, and by doing this he gained local good-will and a considerable sum in freights.

Here as elsewhere, as far as practicable, he made each part, from cylinder to screw, of standard size, pattern and finish. The result was a vast convenience to the motoring public in repairs and at the same time a vast advantage in the manufacture. A single shop, giving regular and full employment to expert specialists, was able to do the work that had hitherto been done at irregular intervals by general workmen; and the gain was as great in quality of output as it was in cheapness.

In facility and economy of sales the result of combination was a notable saving. With fewer models to sell there was need of fewer agencies and agents, fewer advertisements in newspapers and periodicals. The only competition was with single, and unimportant, makers, and could be more cheaply and successfully met by maintaining a reputation for excellence than by the aid of the eloquence of the writer of advertisements or the volubility of the agent. Before the year had passed Wistar was convinced that with all these savings it would be possible to scale down prices a good thirty per cent. and still gain enormous profits; and he made a special point of gathering minute data with a view to recommending this.

The final advantage of combination, the power to regulate prices, he was slower to realize, for it was closely allied to the abuses he had so long abhorred—the extortion of undue profits; yet, as time went on, he saw it clearly and more clearly. With competition reduced to the minimum, and dealing in large quantities, it was possible to avoid irrational fluctuations both in buying raw materials and selling the finished product. In times of prosperity, he foresaw, it would be less easy for the makers of iron and steel to exact from him unfair terms; and when a business depression cut off the demand for motor-cars there was less likelihood that the market would be ruined by a desperate cutting of prices. He had accepted the old order of competition as one of the incidents of life—as earthquakes, fire and flood are incidents of the general life of man. But he gradually, and in part unconsciously, slipped into Judith's opinion that, economic sincerity being granted, it was as needless as it was wasteful

In fact, many of the prophecies of the promoters, which he had laughed at only a few months ago, now seemed to him possibilities, even probabilities. Already he had reduced the cost of manufacture of the various parts so low that it was possible to put a skillfully designed and finished one-cylinder car on the market at a price within the means of commuters of average means. In thinking of the model he sometimes called it his Straphangers' Scorcher, and sometimes, in memory of his friend the independent, his One-Dollar Wonder. But whatever he called it he saw that it would bring ease and health to thousands. In the end, it might even counteract the present unwholesome tendency toward the congestion of life in the cities, making the metropolis the arena of mere business, and putting it within the power of the million to live in the country, motoring in and out daily. Thus the classes most bitterly opposed to trusts might in the end be the chief gainers—not in dollars, perhaps, but in wholesome living, which is the end of all wealth.



But the Words of Eloquence Followed Them

He was no less active in behalf of cars of more expensive design. The news of the American combination had hardly been made public when it became known that the leading European manufacturers were effecting a not dissimilar organization, and it soon became evident that they were planning to take a stronger hold upon the American market. For, backward as we had been in the manufacture of motor-cars, our abundant wealth and delight in novelty had made us the chief of the world's consumers of this as of other commodities. As yet they had a vast advantage. The industry had had its origin abroad, and had reached its highest development there. The ablest inventors were on the Continent, and better workmanship was to be had for smaller wages. Moreover, the public had long been accustomed to accept the Continental car as best; and though the tariff gave an advantage to the home product, the buyers of first-class cars were not inclined to consider a few thousand dollars in the original cost as against possessing the best the market afforded. The next few years would see a struggle to the death for dominance. Wistar proceeded slowly, but gaining point by point. In a very few years, he calculated, it would be possible to equal the best Continental cars in all respects—perhaps to transfer the fight to their home markets.

And the destiny of the American motor lay in his hands. The idea of power had never appealed to him very strongly; but the possession of it, and most of all his new visions of its possibilities for good, took firm hold upon his imagination. It seemed to be his fate to be mocked by the very phrases he had scoffed at that day in his garage. He, James Wistar, might yet be a "factor in world-politics." There were times when he would have been glad of a chance to let the future Mrs. Stanley Penrhyn know that he was a different man from the late James Wistar, and that it was she who had made him so.

Even while he felt himself rising to his new responsibility, however, he questioned whether it was right for any private citizen to have as great a fortune as was coming to him, or to play so large a part in the lives of his fellow-countrymen. It was all against his American instinct of equality. And these misgivings were greater because his old distrust of his associates would not down.

On the very day after he had thrown in his lot with the combination, Irvingdale Smith had called again, and to sound him as to precisely the matter contained in the stolen list. He appeared, as always, the cheerful pirate he was; but his manner was not that of a man who had gained inside information, and least of all of a man who was dissimulating the fact that he had done so. Incidentally he had sent in his card. It was a business-card, not a social card, and it differed in size, shape and lettering from the one Wistar had taken from Andrews. The whole case against Irvingdale Smith, to his mind, fell to the ground.

Wistar's good opinion of Penrhyn, meanwhile, was the result not so much of instinct and judgment as of what philosophers call the will to believe. Occupied with the business end of the new corporation he had had little time for the politics that centred in the election of directors, and with Billy and Mr. Sears to back him up he had no fear that the authority which had been promised him would be called in question. When it was too late to make protest he found that the place on the committee which he would have given to Minot had been given to Irvingdale Smith. Though a stronger man than Wistar had supposed, Smith scarcely deserved so important a post; and in view of their past relations, to give it to him was at best discourteous, especially as the decision had lain easily within Penrhyn's power. As matters stood, Penrhyn and Smith had only to win over Mr. Sears in order to outvote him. And the more powerful he made the combination the greater would be their temptation to bend its power to evil ends.

By this time his signal vigor and success as manager of the industry, contrasting as it did with his former well-known hostility to big trade combinations, had made him in a manner a public character. One of the daily papers, the attitude of which was that of a satirical, if good-humored, man of the prosperous world, printed a leading article about him, calling him, by name, the star pupil of the experience school, and displaying his views before and after. This was in the midsummer silly season, with a Presidential campaign in the near future in which the trusts were to be a leading issue; and the paper pursued the subject from day to day, humorously exaggerating its importance, and luring subscribers to write letters expressing their minds about Wistar, in terms satirically gay.

The incident did not lessen his sense of the gravity of his predicament; but it nourished his sense of humor with regard to himself, and he came to see that life is a comedy or a tragedy according as one maintains or loses his good sense and his ability to laugh at Fate.

In the autumn, early in the second year of his control, came an incident which put a new edge upon his doubts. Happening in at the Harvard Club one evening for dinner, he ran upon Pedey Ryan, the old quarterback, rough rider and soldier of fortune, whom he had encountered in the Stadium, Class Day, and whom he had not thought of since. The little man's face was tanned to leather, his cheeks were sunken, and the gaunt bones beneath were a living picture of an Irish potato famine. He was drinking pony after pony of brandy. The two fell upon each other's necks like long-lost brothers—as they would have done if they had met at the age of seventy, on the brink of the grave, though they had not thought of each other since the old gridiron days.

Ryan, Wistar gathered in the course of friendly questioning, had been in South America. Ever since his rough-rider days he had had a hankering for Dago countries. Hence his fever-ridden state; and hence, also, Wistar surmised, his thirst. He had been all over the shop—up the Amazon to the place where the natives shoot poisoned arrows at you with blow-guns, and the vampire is not a metaphor but a bat. He had had dealings with various Dago republics, too. He had led one revolution to a successful issue and crushed another—casualties: one Indian killed, three negroes wounded, one Spaniard scared to death, and a bullet through his own Irish neck. What was it all about? Ryan hesitated, and then said, "Rubber." Wistar took this as a vernacular rebuke to his friendly curiosity, and dropped the subject in favor of dinner.

It was some days before an alternative explanation offered itself. Of all the parts of a motor-car, the tires are the only one in which it is even faintly possible to secure a monopoly of the raw material, and the tires are as vital a part of the whole as the engine itself. The lands where rubber is grown are comparatively few, and are not beyond the resources of modern finance. To bring a new grove to the bearing requires eighteen years. The motor-car industry of the whole world might be at the power of the syndicate that monopolized the existing rubber forests. All that was needful was to negotiate the purchase of lands often merely to gain concessions by "squaring" republics.

Then there flashed upon him the memory of an incident so trivial that, though his eye had registered it with its usual clearness and vividness, it had never before impinged upon his mind. In the Stadium, Class Day, Ryan had nodded to Penrhyn and offered a glad hand—which had been received furtively and with a trace of hesitation. It was a nebulous hypothesis, but it accounted for all that had hitherto been dark.

XXI

MINOT'S new prosperity had taken the form of a little house off Madison Avenue, which he converted into a graceful and comfortable English basement. Wistar, who had advised him in this, had early formed the habit of going there for Sunday breakfast. This was ostensibly to talk business -the organization and management of the company formed to exploit the new gear; but in reality it was quite as much for the little unwonted glimpses it gave him of homely comfort and happiness. To the unwilling bachelor there is no time as trying as the day of rest, with its enforced slump from the rush and excitement of the week. Anything was welcome which would make him forget the emptiness and dreariness of his life. And he soon formed a sincere regard for the Minots, while their daughter, a child of nine, shamelessly adored him. Besides, he sometimes caught a glimpse of Judith there.

Judith's interest in the family was in fact keen and kindly. Mrs. Minot was a pale, shrinking little woman, the record of whose twenty years of privation was evident in hair prematurely white, and an ominous cough. But these, as Judith soon found, were only the outward signs of a deeper and more vital deterioration. In the past she had thought of her friend as a gentlewoman forced by Fate into alien surroundings. Now, to her surprise, she found her ill at ease in returning to the life to which she had been born. Persistent misfortune had left her the victim of superstitious whims. Though she hated the sewing which had once been her bulwark against starvation, Judith found that she worked at it diligently, keeping her finger-tips still rough and callous—as one knocks wood and cries "unberufen" to propitiate the imps of malevolent fortune. This amused Judith, even while it touched her; but a subsequent discovery shocked and distressed her. To cure the incipient consumption nothing more was needed than a year in the Adirondacks, but to this Mrs. Minot refused to consent—not so much, Judith found, from unwillingness to leave her husband and child, as out of an instinctive fear that if she presumed upon their marvelous new prosperity it would take wings. Once she let Judith persuade her to come to dinner, but when she found that there were to be other guests she did not come. Her greatest happiness was in helping her old neighbors of the slums, and even this, Judith suspected, was more than half a rite of propitiation.

Despairing of the mother, Judith turned her attention to the daughter, Gertrude, a wiry, intense child who had rubbed off something of the manner and accent of her former playmates of an East Side public school. To provide her with new companions and prepare her for the ampler life that was now possible, Judith proposed to place her in a fashionable school, and to this end it was necessary to correct her minor faults of manner, for fear of the ridicule of her schoolmates. But Mrs. Minot would not hear of a governess. Even for her child she feared to claim the luxuries which life denied to so many.

The experience gave Judith her first real sense of the blight of poverty. She had often felt that the food she ate, the very stuff of the gowns she wore and the paper of the books she read, were won out of the toil of human bodies. But she now realized how much more deeply than this the many pay for the well-being of the few. Time and again she thought with a little shiver what might have come to herself if Fate had done her the turn once so dangerously threatened. Even when women succeeded in business, she realized, they were liable to lose much of their birthright of grace and delicacy. And if she had failed, would she not have been cramped in mind and spirit, as in her outward life?

Such misgivings took an acutely personal turn whenever she came upon Wistar in the little house. His manner was casual almost to the point of indifference, but she was none the less conscious that it was tinctured with irony. She could not, of course, be aware that the irony was directed mainly against himself, and it provoked her old resentment of him. This was no superficial mood. Her father's prosperity had made her mistress again of the remnant of her fortune, but she refused to indulge herself in the many little luxuries dear to the feminine heart, for they would somehow have seemed to her to have come from Wistar. And the realization that in this she was acting somewhat in the manner of Mrs. Minot did not shake her resolve.

Wistar's misgivings as to the ultimate wisdom of what he had done had, in fact, been powerfully reënforced by the encounter with Ryan, and now they received a further impulse. Minot's gear had already turned out all that either of them had hoped. The ease and accuracy of its control made it everywhere a convenience, and in the crowded traffic of the city streets almost indispensable. Wistar was eager to secure it for the cars of the combination. Penrhyn, however, remained strangely unconvinced of its value, and as Wistar had predicted, Minot's ideas as to price had grown with success. There seemed likely to be a deadlock between them. To facilitate an agreement, and somewhat also in order to sound the depths of Penrhyn's purposes, Wistar offered to sacrifice all his profits in the Minot company.

To this Penrhyn at first appeared to consent; but when, as Wistar had foreseen, Minot demanded a position on the executive committee, and the assurance of being able to carry out his ideas without let or hindrance, Penrhyn would not hear of it; an executive office, he argued, even a directorship, was elective, and could not be promised to any man. When Wistar objected that they themselves controlled sufficient stock to insure Minot his place, Penrhyn rejoined that to admit him they would have to depose a valuable man—Irvingdale Smith. Wistar counted on Mr. Sears' good sense to prevail; but when the motion was put formally it was lost.

Wistar was angry through and through, and no less suspicious than angry. But he controlled himself to the extent of advising Minot to waive the point. All one Sunday morning he labored in persuasion. The inventor remained obstinate. First and last his answer was the same. Penrhyn and Sears had promised to give Wistar practical control of such matters, and on this, the first important issue, they had overruled him. For Minot to trust to their good faith was to put his head in the lion's mouth. In spite of Wistar's growing enthusiasm for the combination, he could not deny the justice of the objection. He ended the conference with deep foreboding.

At the front door he found Gertrude waylaying him. Denied her customary clamber on his knee, she begged him to stay to dinner. "You haven't heard my lesson," she pleaded. "If you'll only stay, I promise to say it *poifickly!*"

"How will you say it?"

"Oh, *Gehrtie*, come out on the *cuhrb* and see the *bihrd* fly over the *chuhrch!* There!"

He sat down on the bottom stair, hat in hand, and with the able-bodied Gertrude on his knee. "But you say it 'perfectly,'" he protested, "not 'poifickly.'"

Gertrude hid her girlish blushes in his lean, tanned cheek and hugged him with all her might.

His ear was caught by the whisper of silken skirts behind him.

"I hope I'm not intruding," Judith laughed. She had stopped in to see Mrs. Minot on her way home from church and had counted on getting away without meeting Wistar; but finding that he also had divined the needs of Gertrude and was sharing her labors she was tempted to pause. "You say it *pehr-rfectly*," she said, mocking the Western *r* which his long residence in the East had not quite silenced. "Some people say it *pehfectly*—Oh, *Gehtie*, come out on the *cuhb* and see the *bihd* fly *oveh* the *chuhch!*"

The child eyed the woman with something very like jealousy—she had an odd little face, the face of one destined to adore, with high cheek-bones, a large, well-formed, sensitive mouth and big brown eyes. "*I* say it per-r-r-fectly!" she cried.

Wistar laughed, and, putting her down, went to the door to open it for Judith.

"Now he'll go and go with you," Gerty protested. "And I was trying so hard to make him stay to dinner!"

The remark raised a question which Wistar would have avoided. Like another lady, Gerty had protested too much. "If I *may* go with you," he felt obliged to say.

Judith paused, no less constrained. "If you wish," she answered.

"I think you're *horrid*, Aunty Judith," the child pouted. "You make everybody love you, and you won't love anybody!" This was her version of a scrap of conversation picked up from incautious elders. "If you don't intend to love him, you've no *business* to make him love you!"

Judith blushed, and Wistar laughed. "She can't make *me* love her!" he exclaimed; and taking Gerty in his arms he kissed her good-by.

"*I* love you! Whether you love me or not, I love you!"

"And I should adore you, even if you hated me," he answered, as he passed into the street. "What do you think of that?"

"I couldn't do *that*—ever!" Gerty cried after him. "Only naughty people *hate!*" And she stood watching Judith with stern disapproval as they walked away.

XXII

IT WAS the first time Wistar had been alone with Judith since he had thrown in his lot with Sears and Penrhyn, and each was aware that the child's chance remark had recalled to the other the word with which they had parted.

She was grave, but a satirical smile lurked in Wistar's cheeks. "I see you realize," he said, "that you are one of the naughty people!"

"I'm *not* a naughty person!" she said, more vehemently perhaps than she realized.

"But you're very easily teased!"

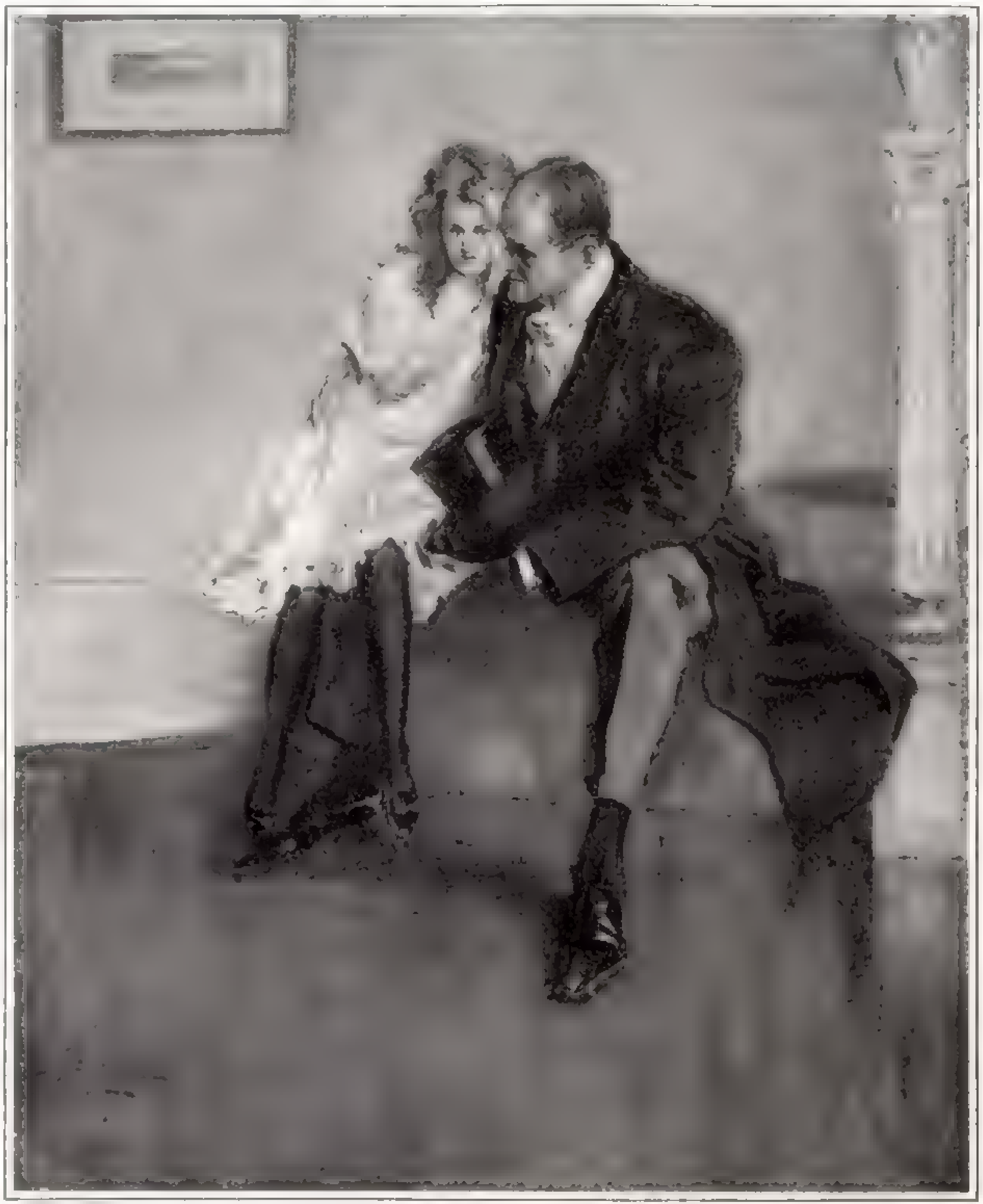
He looked at her with calm impersonality, for his experiences of the past year and a half had roused in him a desire to know her as she was, divested of all the glamour which his love had cast about her.

The delicate beauty of her girlhood was fresh as ever, though she must now, he reckoned, be in her twenty-ninth year. If he had not known he would not have believed that she had much more than turned twenty. Her form was perfect in all the free, soft outlines of womanhood, her tread elastic and sure. Her cheeks were clear and vivid, and the sun smote the brown of her hair into gold. She was gay, friendly, light-hearted. But was she anything better than that—or anything worse?

"There is this one subject," she said, after a pause, "upon which you will always find me sensitive. What you have done—as it has turned out—do you regret it? Tell me!"

"Under what compulsion?" he said quizzically. "I did it for myself—you forbade me to do it for you!"

"That is quibble. Among many reasons for telling me I will mention one. I am very much in need of a new gown." She held out her arms, as if inviting inspection.



"But You Say it 'Perfectly,'" He Protested, "Not 'Posfickly'"

Her manner was light and irresponsible, but he understood very well what she meant to say—that she was as determined as ever not to accept good fortune the source of which was open to question. He had no desire to tell her the sinister turn affairs had taken; and besides, it suited him to take her whimsical mood quite seriously. The gown, he observed with careful inspection, was of black cloth, and though the nap was thin in places its cut gave distinction to her figure, and its few facings and embroideries of white seemed modish in the extreme. "It appears to me a wonderfully fine gown," he said, equivocating between admiration and teasing. "I noticed that even before you called my attention to it."

"But the sleeves!" she cried. "You abandoned, irreclaimable man—the sleeves!"

"Ah, yes, the sleeves! Sometimes I've noticed they are more like that, and sometimes less."

"Be serious, and tell me what I want to know! I shall catch you if you quibble, and despise you!"

"Is it very desirable to have the sleeves more so or ought they to be less so?"

"That has nothing to do with it!"

"You knew the supreme importance of sleeves that night when you refused, as you said, to 'barter your soul' for them?"

"If you really want me to hate you, go on!" His persistence in making it appear that she had pleaded unworthily was trying her patience, as indeed it had every right to do.

"In many ways," he said, choosing his words with care, "things have turned out far better than I ever imagined—quite as well as you believed they would. I have to thank you for a great deal."

She nodded a little "I told you so!" But what she said was: "Is that the whole truth?"

"Have I taken my Bible-oath?"

"If you respect me, you will tell me." She said this very earnestly.

"Just now it seems that there may be trouble in store."

"I should like to know about it. Not for *that* reason," she added, as if to forestall banter. "For other reasons."

He briefly outlined the situation, minimizing its gravity, and of course saying nothing about the suspicions that centred in Ryan.

"But they promised in such matters to follow you," she said with clear comprehension.

He nodded negligently.

"That ends my new gown!"

"*Oh*, I *am* sorry!" he cried. "Please take my poor little joke—as a joke. That is only kind!"

"But if it came to a matter involving your principles, then there would be serious trouble?"

He did not answer, and they walked on in silence.

Winter had worn on into spring, and the outdoor life of the town was beginning. In Madison Square there were the usual number of curbstone preachers holding forth to knots of park loafers, curious passers-by, and workmen in their Sunday best. As they passed near one of these they heard the word "Trusts," and, glancing aside at the speaker, recognized Andrews, his red whiskers and imperial, and pale, pasty face thrown into relief by a far from customary suit of solemn black. With a touch on Wistar's arm, Judith signaled him to stop. The man seemed quite sober, and was speaking with apparent conviction in language unwontedly grammatical. But it was none the less evident that he was enjoying his eloquence to the full, strangely compounded of illiteracy and magniloquence.

As his shallow, excited eyes swept over his hearers he recognized Wistar, and his face lighted. "I see among ye," he cried, "a man I used to know—the most hon'able, the squarest. He used to be an independent merchant—an independent gentleman. But a trust was promoted. The octopus reached out its slimy clutches to gather him in."

Wistar turned in disgust to go, but Judith caught his sleeve. "How exciting!" she exclaimed. "I *do* want to hear what he thinks of us!"

Andrews saw her interest, and expanded with delight. "He made a stand for his independence, for his manhood. But you know the way of the ink-squid! It envelops its victim in a cloud of murk that blinds him, the effluvera of its own corrupt body!—theft, treachery, deceit! Perhaps you say he was a fool—that the wise man, when he reco'nizes the perlution of the ink-squid avoids its life-sucking tentacle! But the ink-squid is cute, it is wary! It cast its blinding cloud about James Wistar before he was on to the game. The darkness became a false light. He welcomed his fate. To-day, as he stands among ye, he is no longer a man, though he appears the most upright. His blood has become the blood of the nauserous creature that devoured him; his stren'th, its stren'th! Slowly, but with a certainty truly turrible, he is reachin' out to strangle and devour his feller-men, who he once regarded as friends, as brothers. Wealth and power are his'n. Beauty stands by his side, and is proud to stand there!"

Every eye was now fixed upon the two, and with a common impulse they turned and went away.

But the words of eloquence followed them. "All the more he is a plague-sore on the body politic!"

Before either spoke, they had reached the business section of lower Fifth Avenue and were walking in its cañon-like shadows. Then she said, "Is there one atom of truth in what he charges? Do you feel that you have been in the least false to yourself?"

He thought quickly, and then, "For the present," he said, "no."

In front of them the Washington arch loomed up, bowered in the greening yellows of early foliage. Always since he had known her here as a girl the sight of it had awakened the old melody in his heart—all the more poignantly sweet now for the minor cadence into which it had fallen with the lapse of years. He had only to catch a glimpse of it from the elevated, or the platform of a Broadway trolley, to revive the sense of all life had ever promised him. And once more, as he neared it, she was at his side!

As they turned into the Square disillusion stalked upon him. Two men were approaching in the path that leads across the eastern end, in one of whom they recognized Penrhyn. "Hello!" said Wistar with what unconcern he could command. "He has been downtown at work on Sunday. In New York that is rare proof of diligence!"

"Not he!" Judith laughed. "More likely he is just out of bed, and on his way to the club for breakfast! He lives over there in the Benedick."

Wistar had not known this, and the discovery recalled the night when he had seen Andrews in the selfsame path. Occurring separately, the two incidents of their walk down the avenue might have been forgotten, but coming thus rapidly in succession they took instant meaning. The harangue he had just heard was wild enough for the most part, but certain words reëchoed in his mind, and recalled the time when he himself had so unfortunately used them—theft, treachery, deceit. How had Andrews got such an idea, if not by being a factor in the business of that night? And who would have employed him, if not Penrhyn? If there had been treachery then, moreover, might not his present difficulty with Minot have an even more sinister explanation than he suspected?

As Wistar bowed to Penrhyn in passing a sardonic smile stole into the corners of his mouth. Then he started in surprise. In Penrhyn's companion he recognized Pedey Ryan, hero of the deadly blow-gun and the bloodless revolution, disguised in a flowing frock coat and sleek top hat. Between these men there could be only one bond of

(Continued on Page 53)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Iridescent Postal Dream

THE report of the joint postal commission recommends a thorough investigation of department methods by a set of experts, "to get the postal service organized once and for all on a sound, economic basis." This is a Washington ideal that can never be realized—for the reason that the only "once and for all" known to man is found in the state of death; never in a state of life.

The post-office department, like every other great administrative division, has a new head and new sub-heads once every two or three years on the average. These chiefs and chieflets cannot possibly know the business of the department as persons in like positions in private enterprises know their businesses. The men who do know the business of the department are underlings who have small incentive to exert an initiative upon it. In a sense, therefore, the department must run itself; must, to a degree, work automatically. Naturally, the Washington ideal is to devise the best possible system, start the department off upon it, and then let it operate itself.

Business men know that the less system, in this meaning, they have, the better off they are. Their aim is not a rigid "once and for all" organization; but the most fluid one possible, that will yield most readily to changing circumstances. There is no good reason why the post-office and all other Government departments should not have the plastic and live organization which is the business man's ideal. All that is necessary is to keep cabinet officers from meddling with them. The President's political advisers might, if they wished, hang their pictures on the department walls and print their names on the official stationery. Beyond that they should not be permitted to go. If the highest administrative offices in the departments were attainable by the men whose experience and ability best qualified them to fill such offices, the departments would soon get efficient organizations. The much-advertised superiority of private over public administration arises mostly from the superiority of individual opportunity which one offers as compared with the other.

Everybody, practically speaking, knows this; but nobody has sand enough to give it effect.

Legal Machinery Run Amuck

THE public is in a properly critical attitude toward large corporations. Probably there will not lack instances in which legal machinery is set in motion against them in a merely vexatious way. Certainly, we shall very much deplore any action, in the name of the people, whose only result could be to harass. But what tongue can tell the tale of corporate resorts to law against the people, for the mere and obvious purpose of harassing, retarding, evading, tricking? What brain can contemplate, without reeling, the extent to which legal machinery has been employed by large corporations simply to balk, thwart and bedevil the law itself and the sovereign public will that stands behind it?

Perhaps it is true, as alleged, that no public good can result from the attack by the attorney-general of Minnesota upon a corporation in the Great Northern Railway system. But why should the same attorney-general have to go into court to compel the Great Northern to obey the statute requiring it to file an application with the Railroad and Warehouse Commission before issuing new stock? Why, except for the cheerful railroad habit of obeying only such laws as are convenient and exhausting every subterfuge to evade all others?

Our Occidental contemporary, the Oregonian, has been devoting considerable study to the Southern Pacific's holding of three million acres of rich land in that State, acquired under a grant providing that it be sold to "actual settlers" at $2.50 an acre. And it finds that the road justifies itself for refusing to sell by the argument that Congress meant, by "actual settlers," only those persons then (in 1866) actually occupying the land! In one well-known case the railroads pleaded before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the Commission misunderstood its own ruling; that in making the ruling it meant, in fact, just the opposite of what it asserted—earnestly and almost tearfully—that it meant. But one could fill volumes with cases in point. Using the law to harass is distinctly a corporation art. Nevertheless, we should regret seeing it used against them.

Some Expensive Flag-Raisings

POSSIBLY it is a mere coincidence that some journals which are most violently opposed to tariff revision—and the most impassioned champions of a great merchant-marine to be fostered by Government subsidies—are precisely the ones that find deepest delight in the result of the German elections. The first cause of this joy is, of course, that a German party which bears the name "Socialist" suffered a reverse. That the influence of this party has sensibly bettered the condition of poor people in Germany is, to the really safe and sane view, a quite negligible fact. Whatever brands itself "Socialist" must be revolutionary, and all constitutional admirers of things as they are—whether in the United States, Germany or Russia—must necessarily rejoice in its defeat.

Another reason for conservative satisfaction is that the opponents of the Kaiser's colonial policy were unpatriotic. They cared less about having the flag of the Fatherland gloriously float over certain remote and unprofitable dependencies than they did about relieving some millions of Germans at home from burdensome taxation. They would prefer more content at home and less glory abroad. To well-fed patriots this was ever a horrid philosophy. On this side, those who object to fattening a trust in order that the Stars and Stripes may wave over more ships must bear the taunt of lacking patriotism.

The old kingcraft was essentially a simple art. It consisted in amusing the people with national glory, and so keeping their attention diverted from the fact that they were being plundered. The device has lost some of its sanction, but is still tolerably effective.

The Myth of the Governing Class

FORMERLY it was believed that governing was an esoteric art, so wonderful and mysterious that only a few specially elect persons could possibly work it with success. Naturally the elect ones were careful to encourage this idea, and the innate modesty of the people received it as gospel. Among the crew of princes, for example, to whom the governing of Germany was a family possession—almost in the way that Russia has been a private preserve of the Romanoffs—were some who seemed very stupid, some who were vicious; and yet in an inscrutable way they had been endowed with this occult ability to operate a government.

When the experiment was tried in the United States, then elsewhere, it was found that the ability to operate a government is by no means strange; that, in fact, it exists very abundantly among the people. Still the folk are invincibly modest. They no longer believe that the ability to operate their government is confined to a few, of rare and mysterious election. But they still pretty generally swallow the myth that the ability to operate their business affairs is a strange and wonderful gift, possessed only by an elect few—who must be permitted to charge whatever they please for their occult services. As to a number of these elect, the exact way in which they made their successes has been described—without disclosing any honest ability that is not common enough. As to many, it is clear that they had exactly as much to do with creating the businesses which they operate as the princes had with creating the states which they governed. The myth persists, however—so modest are the people.

The Fruit of Oppression

THE report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on methods of the Standard Oil Company, under the Tillman-Gillespie resolution, was evidently regarded as an important piece of news. Throughout the country enterprising journals devoted much space to it. This report deals with the wicked discrimination by railroads and their constant conspiracy to crush rivals for the benefit of the trust; with the trust's vicious system of competition, its spies and fake "independents," its tamperings with oil inspectors and its attempts to control public opinion through venal prints.

Not a word of this is new. The whole iniquitous story has been known for years. Back in the eighties Rice, Matthews and other victims of the trust proved intolerable freight discriminations. "Abhorrent," "an unparalleled wrong," are terms used by the Bench more than twenty years ago. Ten years before that the "South Improvement" scheme—that fruitful kernel of the trust's greatness—was fully exposed and denounced. Thirteen years ago the late Henry D. Lloyd gathered and published a great mass of documentary evidence concerning the trust which contains substantially everything that is to be found in all the later publications and reports. Lloyd's volume, Wealth against Commonwealth, had a considerable circulation in its day, too. But it bore no discernible fruit. The common opinion of its time dismissed it as the work of a "radical," suspected of socialistic leanings.

Many years and many repetitions of the wrongs were required to bring the public to a state of mind which realized that here was a condition that required something rather "radical." If anybody besides Chancellor Day is really troubled by a doubt of the essential conservatism of this public, it will pay him to compile and study a catalogue of the exposures of the Standard Oil Company. No mere muckraking could have inoculated this public with "paternalism" and "socialistic tendencies," expressed in the determination to curb predatory wealth.

Only rank oppression repeated over and over again could have done it.

More Government Supervision

THE Big Four comes up modestly with two wrecks in a day, and nearly fifty passengers killed.

The public moves slowly. For more than thirty years it tolerated well-known and outrageous abuses of an unrestrained private management of railroad freight departments. The roads were habitual thieves, and tyrants as predatory and lawless as Middle-Age barons. From 1873 onward, as endless records of legislative and congressional committees, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the courts show, the roads commonly practiced in certain lines discriminations so rank and ruthless as to make the name of liberty a mockery. Independent oil men, time and again, showed how their businesses had been taken away from them out of hand by "common carriers" to whom a monopoly of public highways had been given. These iniquities were widely commented upon.

Yet it is only within a year that public opinion has made an adequate expression, only within a twelvemonth that one could say an end of the abuses seemed in sight.

In time the public will sicken of rail-slaughters, and effectively demand a remedy. Until that time there will be no change.

The roads themselves will do nothing—any more than they did to stop the freight abuses. Every life and limb that intrusts itself to a train must do so in the sobering consciousness that it is to be put in jeopardy for the sake of dividends. Senator LaFollette's bill to limit trainmen's hours merely touches the surface.

The Government must intervene, as it has in freights, and assert the power to take complete supervision of the work of safeguarding passenger trains. The Government will do it when the public demands it.

A Pointer on Gas

IT IS a pleasure to note that the People's Gaslight and Coke Company—enjoying a monopoly of supplying Chicago—has increased its dividend to six per cent.

This concern was once a hardened sinner. Born in the depths of financial iniquity, it was an outcast from its natal day. It fell successively into the hands of one Wall Street clique after another. They employed its twenty-five millions of stock, all water, as so many loaded dice to best stock-market suckers with. For them this was the chief end of its existence, and making gas a mere incident. Sensitive persons held their noses when they came across its trail in State and city politics. It became so hopelessly tough that a group of Standard Oil magnates, having bought it cheap, "sight unseen," kicked it out-of-doors when they became a little better acquainted with its constitution—certainly one of the very few instances on record where those tenacious hands relinquished a dividend-earning property. It was in a mess of lawsuits with the city. Its stock sold much under par.

The first definite turning toward a better state came a dozen years ago, when it compromised its fights with the city and agreed to reduce the price of gas from a dollar and a quarter to a dollar a thousand feet. A year ago the city pressed for another adjustment of price. Time was when the trust would simply have fought to the last ditch. It had grown older, wiser and better. It amiably acknowledged its position as a public-service concern, entered into friendly negotiation, and compromised by reducing the rate to 85 cents, instead of the 75 cents that would probably have been forced upon it at the end of a fight. After a year's experience of the new rate it restores its dividends to six per cent., and its representatives talk pleasantly about satisfactory earnings. While the light holds out to burn ——.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

CUPIDITY triumphed over Conscience, although Conscience made a good race of it – until there was a fear that Conscience might win, and the backers of that beautiful attribute of mankind bowed to the inevitable and fixed it so Conscience would lose.

The House of Representatives voted to increase the salaries of its members to $7500 a year. A few weeks ago they cut this provision out of the appropriation bill that carried it, thinking the Senate would put it back. The Senate balked. It was announced that, if the House wanted a raise, the House must do the raising itself. This was a severe jolt to those patriots in the House who yearned for the extra money, but were afraid to vote for it because the folks "back home" would think them criminally extravagant. That was a pretty good summing up of "back home" sentiment, too, for the majority of the people who make our laws in the lower house could not earn $7500 a year any other way, and they do not earn half that in Washington—but that is neither here nor there.

The fact that stared the House in the face was that the only way to get that additional $2500 a year was to get it. When the conference report on the bill came in, the conferees on the part of the House told the House they had put the salary-raising item back in the bill, with the consent of the Senate, and the report of the conferees must be adopted on the spot or rejected. The struggle between the desire for that extra fifty dollars a week and the knowledge that constituents might think each member who voted for it was wasting money, was frightful. Strong men threw fits all about the chamber. Many tried to dodge, but were routed out of cloakrooms and committee-rooms. It was the last call, a case of do or let the increase die.

Then, with a bravado they did not feel, enough of the Representatives voted to adopt the conference report to make the raise effective. They waited anxiously for a recapitulation of the vote. When the clerk made the announcement there was a yell of joy. Conscience was beaten to a pulp. The laborer, it was stated, is worthy of his hire. Most of them could feel the extra money in their pockets. In their opinion they were changed from $5000 politicians to $7500 statesmen.

The Senate was complaisant enough about it, except Senator Berry, of Arkansas. The Senator is going out of public life on March 4 next, and he may have felt piqued about it. At any rate he protested, in his deep bass voice, that five thousand dollars a year is enough for any legislator who legislates anywhere on earth. He said he merely reflected the Arkansas opinion. It was immaterial to him, of course, but he ventured to state that most of the people in Congress were not worth half of five thousand dollars a year. The Senate listened kindly, and then voted for the increase. Berry is convinced the Republic is entering on a career of profligacy that will drive us all to destruction, and he is going back to Arkansas to ruminate about it.

After the Lambasting Comes the Forgiveness

WHEN nobody was looking the other day Julius Cæsar Burrows, who has been doing some ruminating himself on the Smoot case for the past three years, rose in his seat and asked that February 20 be fixed as a date for voting on the right of Smoot to his seat in the Senate. Before he made the request the Senate had been polled. It was found that more than enough Senators were willing to vote to let Smoot remain where he is, and it was decided it was easier to settle the thing when the votes are available than to let it run along. So Smoot will be given a title to his seat, but the great moral effect of lambasting the Mormon Church will have been accomplished.

There never was any other intention. Still, the Senate was obliged to bow to the overwhelming popular demand for the ejection of Smoot, and one of the best things the Senate does is to bow to an overwhelming popular demand. That is, the Senate bows, but it does not bend. It was decided to hold up the Mormons to scorn and execration, and they have been scorned and execrated enough to suit the most fastidious. Meantime, Smoot will be allowed to slip under the canvas and keep his seat until his personal performance closes in 1909.

When Senator Beveridge made his speech on his Child Labor bill there was the usual attempt to haze him. Hazing Beveridge has been all the rage in certain circles since he made his first speech some years ago. There were great opportunities for hazing this time, for Beveridge spoke for three days, making the most exhaustive presentation on the subject of child labor and the manner in which it can be remedied the country has ever known. The hazers gathered in a circle and began, but they found Beveridge saturated with his subject. They found him loaded and shooting buckshot, not birdshot. It wasn't long until the zest was out of the performance. It is positively not funny to think you are hazing a man and find out suddenly that you are being hazed yourself. Beveridge had them all listening by the end of the second day, and on the third day they were eating out of his hand and giving him their kind applause.

The Honorable Enrique Creel blew jauntily into town a day or two ago, from Mexico, much to the disgust of the liege servants of his Majesty, King Edward the Seventh. There had been a race between the Honorable James Bryce and Ambassador Creel to see which one would get here first. Precedence in the diplomatic corps goes with length of service. For years and years Romero, the Mexican, outranked all the rest because he had been here longest. The Dean of the corps is a dignified and important dodo who goes first at every function the diplomats attend. Thus every nation wants its Ambassador to be Dean. There were two vacancies in the list, but as new Ambassadors must go to the bottom, the best England could hope for was next to last. Mexico was as alert as England, and Creel got there first, and outranks Bryce.

Is the Pen Mightier than the Tennis Racquet?

THE diplomatists are all interested in the coming of Bryce. "It seems to us," said one the other day, "that England has recognized the futility of getting a man here who can compete with Von Sternberg as a riding and walking companion for the President or with Jusserand as a tennis player. Athletics being barred, the Foreign Office took the next tack and sent a literary man, for it is known that the President regards literature as his profession, although Henry James, in discussing Colonel Roosevelt's books, said: 'How can he do it?' with the accent on the 'can.' Thus, we expect to see a struggle to organize a literary circle, with Bryce as the leading spirit, instead of a turnverein. It will be worth watching."

And, so far as diplomatists are concerned, the President and Secretary Root have turned a neat trick on the South American and Central American States. Most of these were preparing to unload Ambassadors on this country. Under the law, when a country sent an Ambassador to this country it was our turn to send an Ambassador there. This was not only expensive, for Ambassadors get larger salaries than Ministers, but it had in it the possibility of peppering the diplomatic corps with black and yellow dons and señors, who would wear gold lace and never leave the corps until they died. The President asked Congress to repeal the law, and Congress repealed it. The Latin republics can send Ambassadors here by carloads if they wish. They will not gain anything by it.

I saw the President and the Vice-President shake hands the other day. It was a solemn function. The President said, as if surprised there was any such person on earth and as if this was the first time he had ever seen him: "Why, Mr. Vice-President!" Then he put out his hand in a most formal manner. The Vice-President responded with equal originality and brightness. "Why, Mr. President!" he said. He grasped the outstretched hand of the President and there was one pump-handle shake. That was all there was to it, but I couldn't help wondering what they were both thinking about. It must be very harassing to have a man always around who will get your job the minute you pass out, and it must also be harassing to be constantly meeting a man who holds a job—and the biggest one on earth—that you could have in certain contingencies. Of course, the relations between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Fairbanks are most cordial, and they are in thorough sympathy with one another. But I wonder what they think when they shake hands.

The Sad, Sad Swan-Song as it is Sung

THIS is the open season for swans and their songs. Congress will soon adjourn, and many a veteran will go out to come back no more. It is customary to let men of long service in the House tell all about themselves and their work before they go back home to be nothing more than memories. Mark Hanna used to say the deadest thing in the world is a dead man, and that is true; but there are attributes of deceasedness about an ex-Representative that are marked. General Charles Henry Grosvenor sang his song a few days ago. He wanted to go out with as many bells ringing as possible, and he chose for the theme of his song that romantic subject, the Dingley Tariff and High Protection.

James W. Wadsworth followed with his parting speech. Wadsworth is the man who ran counter to the President on the Meat Inspection bill and found out that the people in his district were for the President. At any rate, he found out the people were no longer for him. So, when he had pushed through his last Agricultural Appropriation bill, he had the letters read that passed between himself and the President in June. Then he told the House, no matter what the President had said about the law he passed, the men who are enforcing the law had not proposed a single amendment to it. The House got up and cheered at this, for Wadsworth is popular.

Secretary Shaw is doing a little swan-songing around the country, too. He is leaving us on March 4, after being at the head of the Treasury Department for five years. As the time approaches the Secretary discovers he has many ideas about finance he must impress on the country and leave behind for working out by his successor. He hops from rostrum to rostrum and tells the people all about it. But, sad as it may be, there is no loud cry to come to Washington and stay a while longer. Not a whisper. Down at the Post-Office Department the capable Cortelyou is preparing to take charge of the finances at the exact minute Secretary Shaw is scheduled to retire. There will be no delay. Mr. Cortelyou will be on hand when the clock strikes twelve, and he will be at his desk before the chimes cease.

There is much buzzing in the committee-rooms in the Senate about the next Presidential nomination. Everybody takes President Roosevelt at his word that he will not be a candidate, and the amount of casting about that is done is interesting. The only man who is making actual progress is Vice-President Fairbanks. He has an organization, and he is tying up delegates. There isn't much chance that President Roosevelt will be for Fairbanks, and the general idea is that, unless conditions change, he will be for Taft.

"But," my Senator said, when discussing the situation, "of what use will Taft be if he cannot get the delegates from Ohio?—which he will not be able to do. Delegates, my son, are very essential in a national convention, almost as essential as the wherewithal to get them."

For Gentlemen

A CLEAN face and a healthy skin are valued by every man. Soap cleans the surface, but an occasional massage with Pompeian Massage Cream takes out the pore-dirt, clears the skin, and vitalizes the tissues. It gives the manly, ruddy, athletic appearance coveted by manly men.

MENTAL concentration in business or sport produces a tense, drawn expression. Pompeian Massage flexes the muscles, makes the skin soft, and the flesh plastic. It gives a "new face" feeling. It keeps a man from looking old beyond his years.

AFTER a day of hard, dusty work or play *nothing is so refreshing* as a massage with Pompeian Massage Cream. It stimulates the blood circulation, and invigorates every faculty. A massage in the morning after a night of social exaction fits a man for business.

SHAVING soreness is common with men who have stiff beards and tender skins. The use of the razor together with the shaving-soap produce an irritation of the skin called "razor rash." Pompeian Massage Cream strengthens the skin, and removes all irritating particles from the pores. Comfort results.

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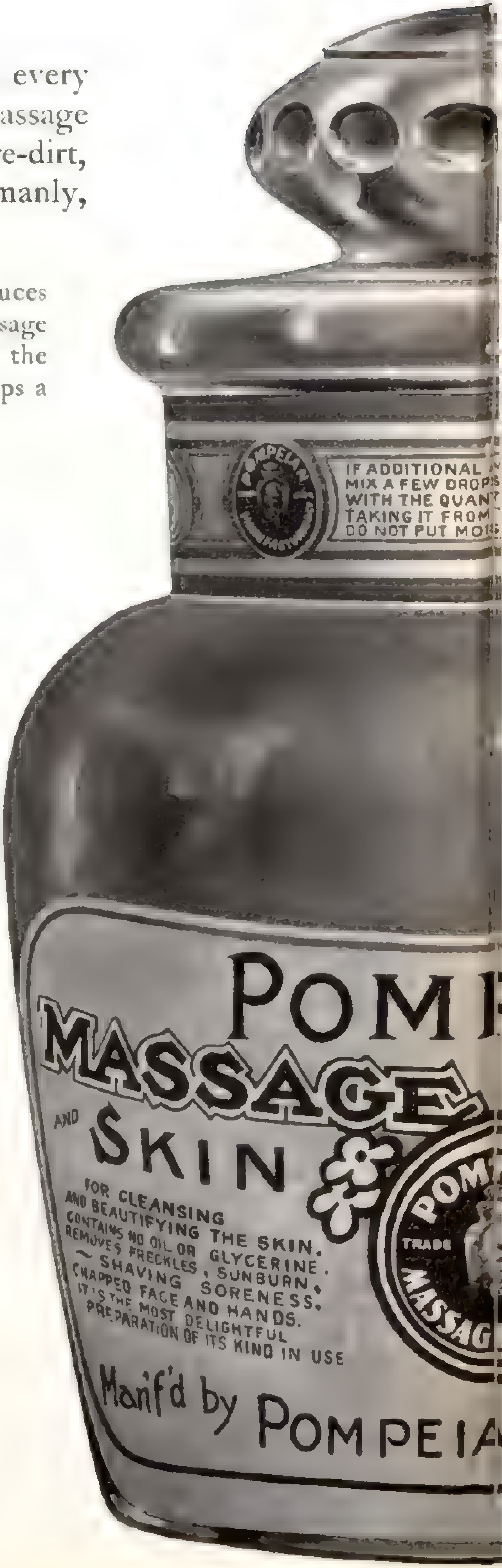
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TEST Pompeian Massage Cream with our free sample. Simply write us that you want to try it and **we will send you, free, a generous sample** and our illustrated book on facial massage. Druggists and other dealers sell Pompeian Massage Cream in bottles of the style shown here; two sizes, 50c. and $1.00. If your druggist does not have it, we will send either size jar to you, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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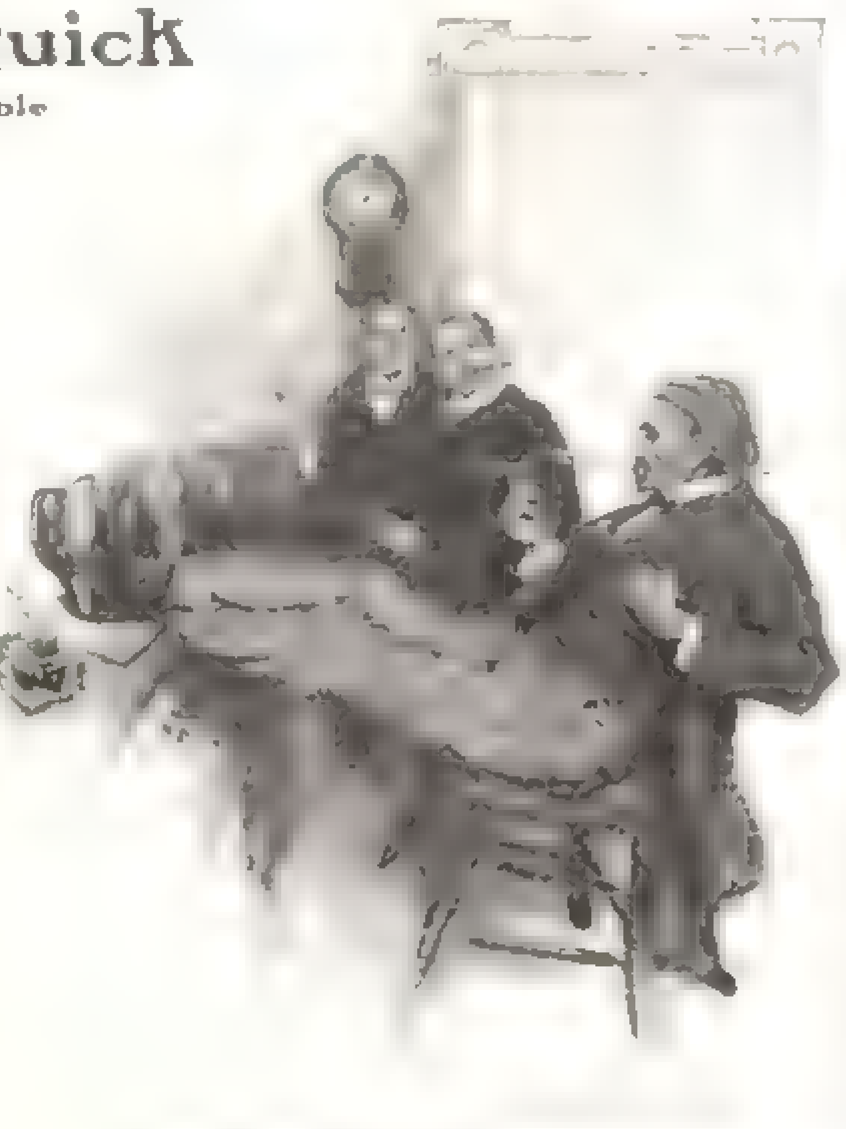
Law and Amelia Whinnery

And Great Shall be the Reward of the Woman Who Knows When to Hold Her Tongue

By Herbert Quick

Author of Double Trouble



"Amelia Promised to Love, Honor and Cherish by Nodding Her Head"

"THE law," said Colonel Baggs, as he put his feet on the desk in the Judge's private chambers, "is the perfection of human reason."

The jury had been given a ten minutes' recess while the bailiff went after a human skeleton which the medical expert in the case on trial had forgotten to bring from his office, and which he declared to be necessary in order to enable him to show to the jury just how the plaintiff was injured. Colonel Baggs had objected to the introduction of the skeleton as buncombe, meant to affect the jury by creating an atmosphere of horror by extrinsic evidence. Jim Bullock for the plaintiff was just beginning to saw the air in irrepressible passion at this insult, when the Court cut him off by saying that the matter would be ruled on when the exhibit was offered, and gave the jury a recess.

The lawyers retired to the back room to smoke with the Judge—who had wanted a cigar when he sent the jury out. Mr. Bullock offered the Colonel a perfecto, and, his passion cooled, put his feet up beside those of his antagonist.

"I've heard that somewhere before," said he in reply to the Colonel's remark; "but from your ideas on contributory negligence and assumption of risk, I didn't suppose you had. What makes you so cheerful and optimistic as to our noble profession? Court been sustaining you somewhere?"

"I just got a decision over in Nebraska," said the Colonel, "in the case of Whinnery vs. the C. & S. W. It shows that Providence is still looking out for the righteous man and his seed. Never heard of Whinnery vs. the Railway Company? Well, it may put you wise to a legal principle or two, Jim, and I'll tell you about it. I was ag'in' the corporations over there, as associate counsel for the plaintiff. Bob Fink, that studied in my office, was the fellow the case belonged to, and he being a little afraid of Absalom Scales, the railroad's local attorney, sent over a Macedonian wail to me, and said we'd cut up a fifty per cent. contingent fee if we won. I went.

"Amelia Whinnery was the plaintiff. She was a school-teacher who had got hold of the physical culture graft, and was teaching it to teachers' institutes, making forty dollars a minute the year around."

"How much?" asked the Judge.

"I'm telling you what the record showed as I remember it," said the Colonel. "We proved that she was doing right well financially when the railroad put her out of business by failing to ring a bell or toot a whistle at the crossing coming into Tovala, and catching Bill Williams' bus asleep at the switch. Miss Whinnery was in the bus. When it was all over, she was in pretty fair shape ——"

"Naturally, being a physical culturist," interpolated Jim Bullock.

"Excepting that her nerves had got some kind of a shock and she was robbed permanently of the power of speech. On the trial she sat in the courtroom in a close-fitting dress, wearing a picture hat, and would give a dumb sort of gurgle when Scales would pitch into her case, as if to protest at being so cruelly assaulted while defenseless. It was pathetic.

"Bob Fink shed tears, while he pictured to the jury in his opening, the agony of this beautiful girl set off from her kind for life, as the preponderance, the clear preponderance of the evidence showed she would be, by dumbness—'an affliction, gentlemen of the jury, which seals her lips forever as to the real facts, and stops the reply she could otherwise make to the dastardly attack of my honorable and learned friend, the attorney for this public-service corporation, which has been clothed with the power to take away your land, gentlemen of the jury, or mine, whether we want to sell it or not, and to rob us of our produce by its extortionate freight rates, and to run its trains into and through our cities, and over our busses, and to maim and injure our ladies, and bring them before juries of their peers, who, unless I mistake, will administer a stinging rebuke to this corporation without a soul to save or a body to kick, in the only way in which it can be made to feel a rebuke—in damages, out of that surplus of tainted dollars which its evil and illegal practices have wrung from the hard hands of toil as represented by the farmers and laborers who so largely compose this highly-intelligent jury.'

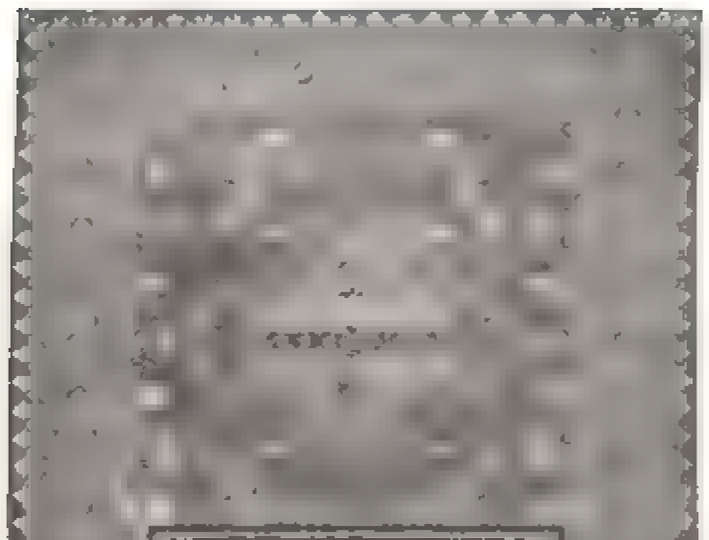
"Bob was good until the other side had the reporter begin to take his speech down, so as to show appeals to passion and prejudice—and then he hugged the record close. The plaintiff sobbed convulsively. Bob stopped and swallowed, knowing that the reporter couldn't get the sobs and swallows into the record. The jurors blew their noses and glared at Scales and the claim-agent. I went over to the plaintiff and gave her a drink of water, and would have liked to take her in my arms and comfort her, but didn't."

"Too bad!" remarked Jim Bullock.

"Well," went on Colonel Baggs, "the jury found for us in about three hours for the full amount, ten thousand dollars. They would have agreed earlier, only they waited so the State would have to pay for their suppers. A judgment was rendered on the verdict, and the railroad appealed. All this time Bob was getting more and more tender toward the plaintiff. I didn't think much about it until cards came for their wedding. I sent Bob an assignment of my share in the verdict for a wedding present—if we ever got it. Amelia promised to love, honor and cherish by nodding her head, and walked away from the altar with her most graceful physical culture gait, while the boys outside with their shivaree instruments ready for the evening, sang in unison, 'Here comes the bride! Get on to her stride!' It was a recherché affair—but excessively quiet nuptials on the bride's side.

"That evening Absalom Scales got in the finest piece of work that was ever pulled off in any lawsuit in Nebraska. The bridal party went away over the C. & S. W. Omaha Limited, and Amelia and Bob were there looking as fine as fiddles—Amelia a picture, they said, in her going-away gown. Scales had fixed up for a crowd of hoodlums to shivaree them as they went."

"Mighty mean trick, I should say," said Jim Bullock, "for any one but a corporation attorney."



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covering every accident and every illness in full, no casualty insurance education is necessary. Responsible representatives wanted east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio Rivers. Liberal terms.

THE PHILADELPHIA CASUALTY CO
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"Wait, son," protested the Colonel, "until you are so far advised in the premises as to be able to judge whether the end didn't justify the means; and there may be hopes of your being a corporation attorney yourself some day. In addition to the horse-fiddles and bells and horns, Absalom had arranged some private theatricals. He had plugged up a deal by which Bill Williams, the bus man—who'd sold out and was going to Oregon anyway—come bursting into the waiting-room while they were waiting for the train—which was held at the water-tank by Scales' procurement and covin—and presented a bill for the damages to his bus by the accident which had hurt Amelia's oratorical powers. You see, he'd never been settled with, being clearly negligent. They tried to get off in Amelia's case on the doctrine of imputed negligence, but it wouldn't stick.

"Well, Bill comes in with his claim against Amelia and Bob for two or three hundred dollars for his bus. They disdainfully gave him the ha-ha.

"'Then,' says Bill Williams, 'I will tell all, woman!'

"Amelia flushed, and looked inquiringly at Bob. Bob walked up to Bill and hissed: 'What do you mean, you hound, by insulting my wife in this way!'

"'She knows what I mean,' yelled Bill, turning on Amelia. 'Ask your wife what she an' I was talkin' about when we was a-crossing the track that time. Ask her if she didn't say to me that I was the perfec'ly perportioned physical man, an' whether I didn't think that men an' women of sech perportions should mate, an' if she didn't make goo-goo eyes at me, until I stuck back my head to kiss her, an' whether she wasn't a-kissin' me when that freight come a pirootin' down an' run over her talkin' apparatus! Ask her if she didn't say she could die a-kissin' me, an' if she didn't come danged near doin' it!'

"Well, Bob Fink was, from all accounts, perfectly flabbergasted. There stood Bill Williams in his old dogskin coat and a cap that reeked of the stables, and there stood the fair plaintiff, turning redder and redder and panting louder and louder as the enormity of the thing grew upon her. And then she turned loose.

"She began doubling up her fists and stamping her feet, and finally she burst forth into oratory of the most impassioned character.

"'Robert Fink!' she said, as quoted in the motion for a reopening of the case that Scales filed—'Robert Fink, will you stand by like a coward and see me insulted? That miserable tramp—a perfect —— If you don't kill him, I will. *I* kiss him? *I* ask him such a thing? Bob Fink, do you expect me to go with you and leave such an insult unavenged? No, no, no, no ——'

"I guess she'd have gone on stringing negatives together as long as the depot would have held 'em, if Bob hadn't noticed Ike Witherspoon, the shorthand reporter, diligently taking down her speech and the names of those present. Then he twigged, and, hastily knocking Bill down, he boarded the train with Amelia. He wired me from Fremont that it was all off with the judgment, as they'd tormented Mrs. Fink into making a public speech. I answered, collect, bidding him be as happy as he could in view of the new-found liberty of speech and of the press, and I'd look after the judgment and the appeal."

"Well," said Bullock, "of course you got licked in the Supreme Court. It was clear proof that she'd been shamming."

"You're about as near right on that as you are on the case at bar," retorted the Colonel. "Just about. The law is the perfection of human reason. The jury had found that Amelia Whinnery couldn't speak, and never would be able to. A jury had rendered a verdict to that effect, and judgment for ten thousand dollars had been entered upon it. I merely pointed out to the Supreme Court that they could consider errors in the record only, and that it was the grossest sort of pettifogging and ignorance of the law for Absalom Scales to come in and introduce such an impertinence as evidence—after the evidence was closed—that the fair plaintiff had been shamming and was, in fact, a very free-spoken lady. The bench saw the overpowering logic of this, and read my authorities, and Bob and Amelia will henceforth live in the best house in their town, built out of the C. & S. W. surplus—and Amelia talking sixteen hours a day. It's locally regarded as a good joke on the railroad. And now the rattling of the bones of that skeleton and the tapping of the bailiff on the door admonish us that I must resume the herculean struggle to prevent my client from being mulcted by your infernal machinations. Come on back to the courtroom."

A BUNCO SAUCE-MAKER

SOME few years ago, when I was about thirty years of age, having just finished a series of deep-sea voyages covering fourteen years, I decided to give up the sea and find employment ashore. The dearest girl in the world had made this the condition upon which she would marry me.

I had managed to save twelve hundred dollars, and felt pretty well heeled, so I accepted the condition and married, and at the end of my first month ashore I had a wife, some furniture and six hundred dollars, but no job. During my second month ashore I made a little experiment in the livery-stable business, which cost me a hundred dollars for doctor bills.

I began to feel a little discouraged until, while looking over the newspaper, I noticed an advertisement which read:

> WANTED—A partner with four hundred dollars, in a light manufacturing business; experience not necessary.

I applied, and next day received a note inviting me to call that evening.

I followed instructions to the minute and letter, and was shown into the parlor, where I met a young man who introduced himself as Mr. Simpson. He appeared to me to be in every way a gentleman. My then unshaken trust in my fellow-men led me to give him a short history of my life at sea, and expressed to him the hope that my total lack of experience as a manufacturer would not stand in our way.

He smiled pleasantly, and with a warm shake of the hand assured me that that would be all right, provided the other conditions were favorable.

He asked me to taste some dark-colored liquid which he had in a bottle and tell him just what I thought of it. I tasted and expressed the opinion that it was a certain well-known table sauce.

Again he smiled and exclaimed: "Ah, Mr. Johnson, that is just the point! You think it is that sauce and so will others, but it is not. It is my own make. I am a chemist and have just discovered how to make it. The real thing costs about sixteen dollars a gallon to import. I can make it for one dollar and sell all we can make at five dollars a gallon. All restaurants will buy it to refill their original bottles.

"Now, what I want is a man with four hundred dollars to put in against my experience and go in with me. I think you are just the one, for you are used to handling men, and can run the factory."

At this point a young man entered and invited Mr. Simpson to go with him over to the church to make ready for the Christmas festival.

We all left the house together and soon met a man who was introduced to me as the minister. He was then on his way, he explained, to get Mr. Simpson, as several of the ladies were over at the church and needed his advice.

We all started for the church, the minister and I in the rear. While we walked we talked. He had a good word for everybody and especially for Mr. Simpson. He told me of Mr. Simpson's prominence as a chemist, of his sterling qualities as a man, and of his high standing in the church. I felt like a poor, miserable wretch that owed Mr. Simpson an apology for not having the money with me, and in a few minutes we all stopped on a corner near the church. I made arrangements to meet him next day.

Next day I met him and the minister was with him, and he witnessed our agreement. I gave Mr. Simpson the money and he gave me his receipt. With much warm handshaking all around we parted, I to look for a suitable location and he to buy material for the sauce-making.

After a few days I discovered that I was "done," and well done, by three clever rogues. So, at the end of my third month ashore, I had neither money nor job, and my confidence in my fellow-men was badly shaken.

—*J. E. J.*

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RAISING THE BOY

A Boy's Playmates

WHEN our oldest boy was just beginning to taste the delights of playing on the streets, circumstances forced us to move into a tough neighborhood. We could not keep him shut up in a ten by twenty front yard, so we let him run, making one rule. He was not to go into barns, new buildings, or the homes of other boys, but he might bring as many boys as he liked home with him.

He and I had always been on the most friendly and confidential terms. I had answered all his questions in regard to his body, sex and the beginning of life clearly and truthfully, and had received all his confidences in the spirit in which he offered them. Now, when he came in from his play he talked freely of his companions, their amusements and conversations, and, through his eyes, I came to know the boys of the street very well in the two years we spent there.

The first time he brought boys about the steps it was a very cold, damp day and I opened the door to ask them in; but, before I had a glimpse of them, with a yell they were gone. It was not until spring that I could make friends with them.

Then I started to make a flower garden in the tiny front yard. A woman, hanging out of a window across the street, assured me the boys would never let anything grow. There must have been thirty of them looking curiously through the fence. I turned to them.

"Boys," I said, "do you hear what she says? Well, I don't believe it. If you will help me give these things a chance to grow, I will share the flowers with you and call the garden part yours."

No answer, but a sheepish grin greeted me; but for two years my garden flourished unmolested in a street that had never seen a flower before.

Through the flowers and my boy I became very well acquainted with "Spider-legs," "Bullet," "Fatty," "Sparrow-bones," "Gink" and the rest, and many a rainy day had my kitchen full of boys, every one, in spite of his shabby clothes and imperfect English, worth knowing.

My rule would be: Keep your boy's confidence. Make it pleasant for his friends and take a real interest in their work and play. —*A Mother.*

Chums of Their Daddy

RAISING boys is my business. I have four in all, already half-raised, nine to seventeen years old, and they are all strong, healthy, mischievous fellows. I like them and they like me.

I can run as fast as any of them and can wallop the big boy; but, all of them together, can down their daddy and they don't hesitate to do it whenever they get him in a good place.

They will tell me their troubles and consult with me about their plans and plays as quickly as they will their chums. My boys and their father are the best of companions. I am honest with them. I try not to do anything anywhere that they would be ashamed or shocked to know. You can't live one life in the presence of your boys and another when away from them without being found out by them, and you lose your good influence over your boys when they find out that you are inconsistent.

More boys go to the bad on account of the inconsistent lives of their parents, and especially their father, than for any other cause.

My boys work and I pay them just like I would pay anybody else to do the same work. The two older boys, since they were ten and twelve years old, have cut about all the wood that we have used. I buy a carload of wood and have it piled up in the wood-yard about four feet high, and divide it, giving the older boy the longer end, and they cut it after school and at chance times till it is all ready for fireplace and stove.

When they help me in the store I give them five per cent. commission on all they sell.

The second boy sells THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and makes from one to two dollars a week and gets a premium every once in a while. They buy their own clothing and their guns and balls and almost anything they want.

Should boys have their own spending money? If they make this money themselves, yes.

My oldest boy is, or was, a spendthrift. As fast as he could get money it would go. During vacation I had him helping me in the store. He was beginning to need a new suit and hat. He wanted to buy them and pay on them every week when he drew his week's commission. I would not let him. He wanted me to take his money and keep it for him. I would not do that. I paid him every Saturday night and made him take his money.

He got his hat and lots of ties and collars. When time to start to school again his money was all gone and he had no suit. He was ashamed to go to school, but I made him go and wear his old clothes. He began to see that he would have to save some money or be a disgrace. He worked like a Trojan on Saturdays and saved every cent until he could get himself some clothes and he has been more careful of his earnings ever since.

I believe the very quickest way to send the average boy to the bad is to give him what money he wants. Give him a chance to earn his spending money and thereby teach him two lessons: how to earn and how to spend. —*A Father.*

Paying the Boy for Chores

WHEN Jack was seven years old he began to annoy me, oftentimes seriously, by a periodical demand for pennies. Realizing that he had arrived at an age when every boy should have spending money, I considered the advisability of a proper allowance for him for some time without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

One day a load of wood was delivered at the house and, as Jack was a sturdy little chap, I called him to me and agreed to give him twenty-five new, shining coppers when he should have piled all of the wood in the shed.

Jack was captured by the idea and proceeded to the attack bravely. Alas! his ardor cooled before the work was half done. Nevertheless he asked for the pennies which were to pay for the work.

After inspecting the unfinished job I called his attention to the fact that he had agreed to pile all of the wood before the pennies should be his. Tears and entreaties greeted this announcement. But, believing that a lesson partly learned is no lesson at all, I was firm in my demand that he finish the work before receiving the promised reward.

It was a hard lesson, but it taught him the sacredness of a contract and the necessity of carrying to completion any task undertaken before he should reap the reward.

Henceforth the problem of Jack's spending money was a simple one. He does not receive an allowance, nor has he need of one. Instead we have adopted fixed rates for the chores, and each Saturday night he presents his bill and receives his pay. If there is any extra work to be done we agree on compensation beforehand and this amount is added to his regular weekly wages.

The money is his to use as he may wish. However, I have demonstrated to him that candy and similar investments not only waste his money but do him positive injury, while, on the other hand, books, tools and other useful articles have a permanent value.

On his eighth birthday I gave him a savings-bank book and showed him how to deposit and withdraw his earnings. He is twelve years old now and has in the bank over twenty-seven dollars, and this without depriving himself of many pleasures so dear to a boy's heart.

He has learned that money has a certain value, not in itself, but what it can command. He has discovered that wealth and industry go hand in hand and that there is a wisdom in spending as well as saving.

These are lessons which we many times have learned much later in life and have bought very dearly.

Fathers, give your boys a chance to earn their spending money! It engenders industry, thrift, frugality and a spirit of independence that nothing else can give them. —*D. K. C.*

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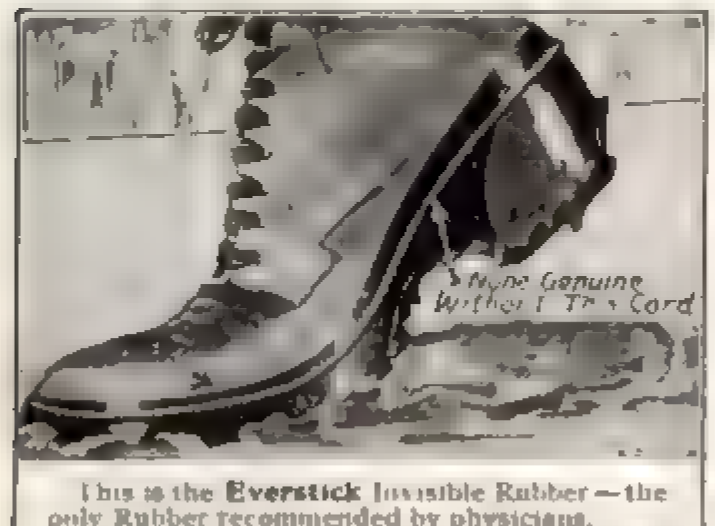
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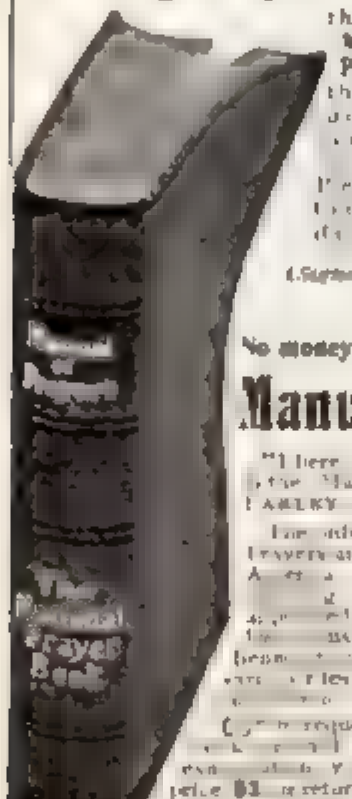

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HOW I LOST MY SAVINGS

He Forgot About Liens

BY TEN years of careful saving my wife and I managed to accumulate $2850, which we decided should be invested in a home. After a careful survey of a suburban neighborhood we chose a building lot which we purchased for four hundred and fifty dollars. The remainder of our savings, we were assured by a contractor, would be sufficient to build us a modest but comfortable house, which he offered to build for us for that sum. As my earnings were small and I had confidence in the contractor, to whom we gave the contract, I never thought for a moment of going to the additional expense of employing an attorney in the matter.

The house was built by the contractor and completed in a very satisfactory manner. As soon as it was completed I paid him the contract price for it and took his receipt in full. Shortly afterward I was much surprised to learn that the contractor, whom I had considered perfectly honest, had absconded, leaving many unsettled bills behind him.

My wife and I congratulated one another on our foresight in settling with him promptly and taking his receipt in full, and dismissed the matter from our minds. Alas, we had never heard of the mechanics' lien law, and were thunderstruck, a few weeks later and just after we had moved into our new home and gotten settled down to enjoy it, to have legal notices served on us that none of the materials of which the house had been built had been paid for by the contractor and that mechanics' liens would be filed against the house in thirty days.

Naturally, I hastened to do then what I should have done in the first place — consult a lawyer, and was horror-stricken to learn that my receipt in full from the contractor who had built the house was no protection against these claims, and that I would have to pay the bills for the materials, despite the fact that I had already paid the contractor for them.

Of course I was not able to pay these bills at once and, as a consequence, a number of mechanics' liens were entered up against the house. After a few weeks had passed, however, my attorney arranged for a mortgage loan on my house for a sum sufficient to pay off the mechanics' liens, and, while we still have our home, it now has a one-thousand-dollar mortgage on it and I am out of pocket about one-half of the twenty-four hundred dollars I paid the contractor in addition.

I have since learned that if I had consulted an attorney when I went to make the contract for building the house, or even before I paid the contractor for it, my interests could have been safeguarded and at an expense to me of less than twenty-five dollars.

To all intending home-builders I would say: "Beware the mechanics' lien law; a few dollars invested in an attorney's services will be the best investment you can make. Twenty-five dollars so invested would have saved me over two thousand dollars." *—W. J. P.*

Cleaned Up by Wheat

I WAS night engineer for eighteen months at an ore-concentrating mill, way up on the bald, timberless top of Colorado, receiving wages in proportion to the elevation, which gave me an opportunity to accumulate a comfortable little stake.

A year and a half of steady night-work had injured my health, however, and, finding my daylight slumbers unrecuperating, I quit the job, and, after a few days of rest, contracted to run a tunnel for a mining company.

I started two eight-hour shifts of expert machine men churning holes with air drills into a breast, seven by eight feet. The first ten days they blew the drift into the side of the mountain so rapidly that I cleared between twenty-five and thirty dollars a day.

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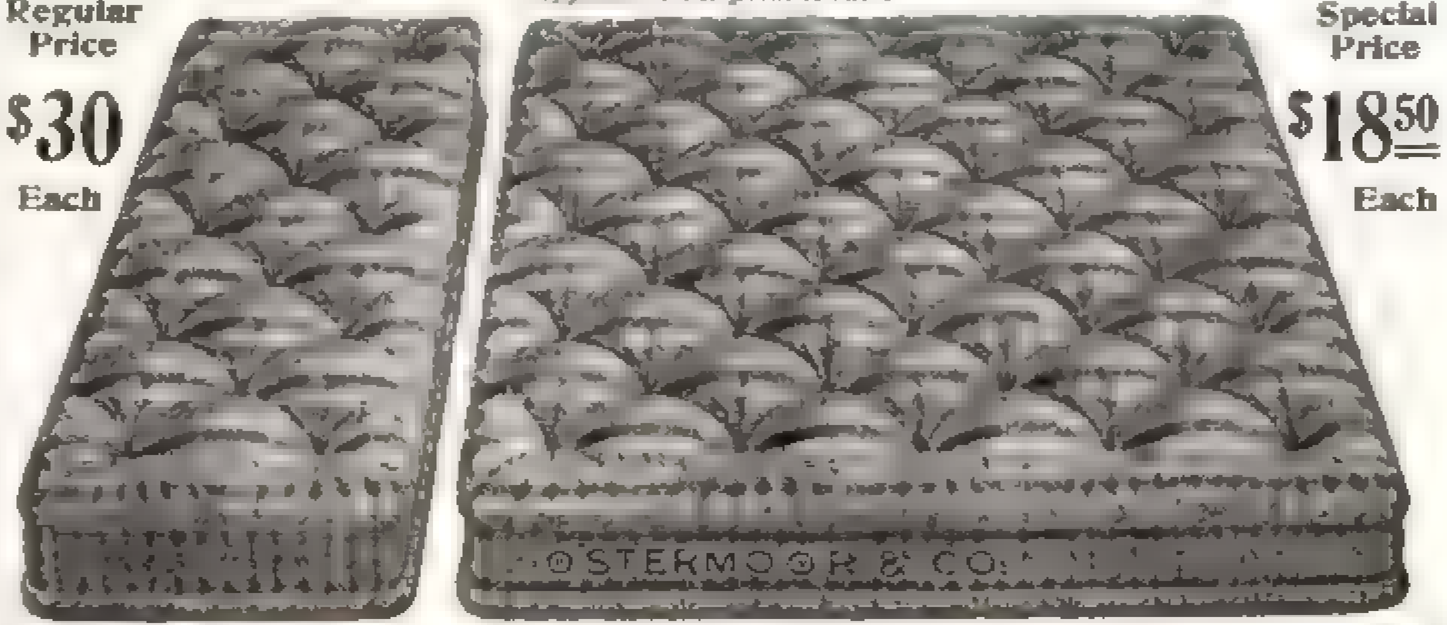

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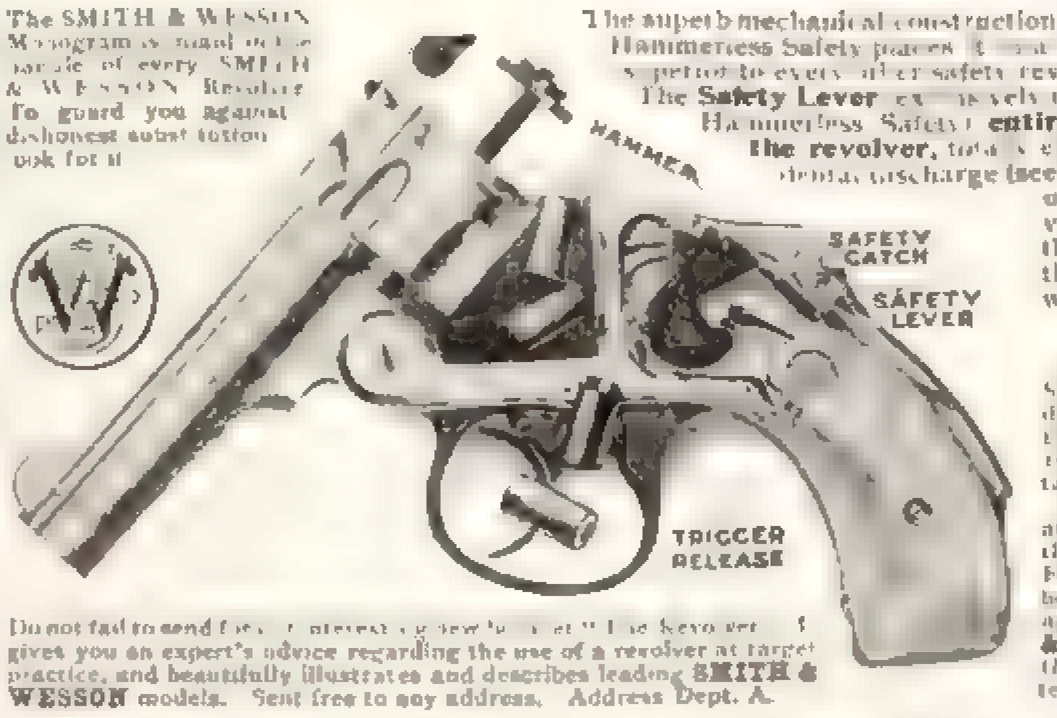

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water-seams, running diagonally through the breast of the quartzite drift, and explained that when the drill struck one of those it would slip into it and become stuck. I watched them drill for two hours, and every few minutes a drill became wedged and it would take from ten to twenty minutes to get it out. I soon saw that, if such rock lasted very many days, up would go my savings and down I would go broke. However, I held on several days, hoping that the breast of the tunnel would change to solid rock again—counting the loss more rapidly than I had calculated my profits on the start—and finally, seeing no prospect for better ground, threw the contract over, paid off the men, and, drawing what was due me for the work completed, found that in the run of fifteen days I had donated to the company nearly five hundred dollars.

Withdrawing what was left from the bank, I boarded a train and descended into the valley of the Grand, where I bought into a hardware business, and settled down to what I thought would be a small but steady income.

Six months after this purchase a good portion of the town ascended in smoke, drawing along with it my uninsured building and the greater part of the stock.

Business had been good those first six months and I still had some money and a good credit; so, rebuilding, I continued the sale of hardware and wagon wood stock for nearly a year.

Turning everything into cash I moved East about the time of the beginning of the war between Russia and Japan, and becoming interested in the rapid advance of wheat, I bought. It went up with a rush, and I added a nice little addition to my roll when I closed the deal.

The market fluctuated two or three days, then dropped about three cents, and I bought again. This time the grain gained in value a cent and a half, and then took a tumble, and before I could decide to place a stop order it had cleaned up all my profits and the nice little stake, leaving me all but stranded and on the hunt for a job.

—*L. K.*

Handed the Lemon

I HAD twenty acres of lemon trees (ninety trees to the acre) in Riverside County, California, the centre of the citrus fruit industry. The trees were four years old when I bought the ranch.

Citrus fruit trees bear heavily, and the product brings good prices, but the expense is enormous. The cost of an orchard is sometimes as high as one thousand, and even fifteen hundred, dollars an acre. The trees must be irrigated every six weeks and the water can only be bought from a company which has a monopoly of the supply. Before each irrigation the ground must be furrowed to receive the water. After each irrigation the ground must be cultivated to keep it from drying out. Then there are weeds to be cut, flumes to be built, "scale," mould and "brown-rot" to be fought, and packing, freight and icing paid for.

I employed one man and kept one two-horse team. For five years my trees were in the best condition possible. During the five years I made a living, but that was all, and I was entitled to that much as wages. As interest on my investment I received practically nothing.

I became dissatisfied with raising lemons. My neighbors who raised oranges were putting money in the bank.

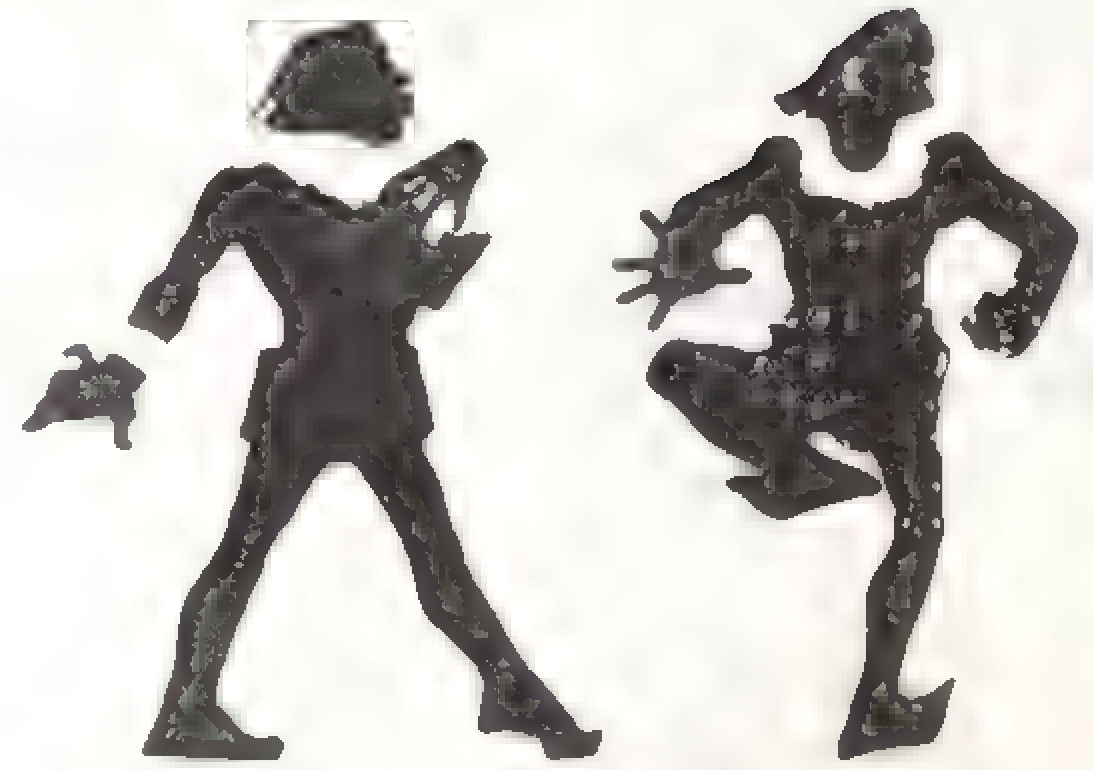
I decided to change my crop. So, in the spring, I had the trees all cut to within four feet of the ground and "budded" for oranges. This meant a wait of three or four years for a crop.

The summer which followed witnessed periods of intense heat, hot spell after hot spell. The price of lemons went soaring.

My crop, if I had retained my lemon trees, would have amounted to at least twenty thousand dollars over the cost of shipment. I had lost that much through a change of crop, and I must wait at least three years before I could receive a crop of any sort.

The moral? I am not sure there is one. The price of lemons might never have gone up; then by keeping the trees I would have been losing money. It would have been merely a case of "handing myself the lemon." As it was, I sold the orange orchard for more than I could have obtained for my trees had I not changed the crop. That somewhat tempered the wind to the self-shorn lamb.

—*D. L.*



ÆSOP tells about a man who could give a skillful imitation of the nightingale. One man refused to listen because, as he said, "I have heard a real nightingale." Nobody ever learned much about the Edison Phonograph by reading about it. Until you have heard the Edison you do not know the possibilities of a singing, playing, talking machine.

It may be because the Phonograph is Mr. Edison's favorite invention and because it still has his personal attention that it is so good. Anyway there is more real amusement in an Edison Phonograph than in any other device for making the hours pass quickly and pleasantly.

There's a dealer in this town who'd be delighted to prove this to you.

We will be glad to send Free to anyone who asks a booklet illustrating and describing the various styles of Edison Phonographs.

National Phonograph Company
11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Buy the New Edison Records for March for Your Phonograph

If you haven't a Phonograph, go to some dealer and hear them. Then you will want both the Phonograph and the Records.

The March selections, a complete list of which is given below, cover the whole field of entertainment, from pathos to roaring comedy. Each is the work of an Edison artist. Everybody will enjoy Ada Jones' rendition of "My Irish Rosie," a new song hit made famous by Hattie Williams in her musical comedy, "The Little Cherub." It's an Irish love song, catchy and bright. All New York is whistling

"My Irish Rosie"

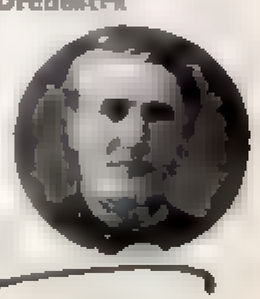
The power of the Edison Phonograph as an ever popular entertainer cannot be half appreciated unless its repertoire is occasionally replenished.

New Edison Records for March

On Sale February 27th

9482	The Uhlans' Call	Edison Concert Band
9483	The Mountain King	Stanley
9484	My Irish Rosie	Ada Jones
9485	Memories of Home	Edison Venetian Trio
9486	We Have No One To Care For Us Now	Byron G. Harlan
9487	Pedro, the Hand Organ Man	Spencer
9488	I've Got a Vacant Room for You	Roberts
9489	High School Cadets March	Edison Military Band
9490	In a Chimney Corner	MacDonough
9491	Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?	Anthony & Harrison
9492	All In, Down and Out	Collins
9493	Not Because Your Hair is Curly Medley	Albert Benzler
9494	Good Bye, Nellie Darling	Thompson
9495	Finnegan's Troubles in a Restaurant	Porter
9496	Waiting for a Certain Girl	Murray and Chorus
9497	Lulu, My Lubly Queen	Edison Concert Band
9498	We'll Be Sweethearts to the End	Myers
9499	Bake Dat Chicken Pie	Collins and Harlan
9500	I Miss You in a Thousand Different Ways	Gillette
9501	The Guardmount Patrol	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9502	Merry Whistling Darkey	Dudley
9503	Rudolph and Rosie at the Roller Rink	Jones and Spencer
9504	Beauty's Eyes	Edison Male Quartette
9505	The Record March	Edison Military Band

THREE BOOKS FREE—Send for the complete catalogue of Edison Records, the Supplemental Catalogue of Edison Records for March and the Phonogram, describing the Records for March. All published February 27th. They will give you a new interest in your Edison Phonograph.



National Phonograph Company,
11 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

TRADE MARK Thomas A. Edison

BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA
AMSTERDAM-HOLLAND

It is a
Positive Fact.
The Double Strength of
BENSDORP'S
saves ½ your cocoa.

Send 10 cents for trial can.

STEPHEN L. BARTLETT CO.
IMPORTERS.
Yellow Wrapper. BOSTON.

"Skipper" $24.90
2-Horse Power

The only 2-cycle marine engine on earth that runs [illegible] on **kerosene, distillate oil, alcohol or gasoline.** Positively will not back fire. Guaranteed for five years. The engine with the simplest and most wonderful fuel device known. Easy to start, reverse and regulate speed. The WORLD FAMOUS **"SKIPPER"** is a sturdy, speedy, simple engine, easily and quickly installed in launch, row boat or canoe. The engine that doesn't break down.

"As Sure as an Oar"

Made in five sizes. 2 actual H. P., bare engine, $24.90; complete with [illegible] boat fittings, $39. Send today for free catalog.

ST. CLAIR MOTOR CO. Dept. A Detroit, Mich.

Your Capital will earn 6%

invested in Seattle first mortgage loans

No loan is offered for sale that we have not approved as an investment for our own funds.

We insure the title to each piece of mortgaged property and care for each mortgage sold, thereby relieving the investor of all worry and inconvenience.

Seattle is a city of beautiful homes, commanding magnificent views of lakes, mountains and sea. Residence loans absolutely safe.

Send for pamphlets.

Capital $400,000

Title Trust Company 702 Second Avenue Seattle, Wash.

KEITH'S MAGAZINE

This Home For $4000

If you intend to [illegible] this year [illegible]

Keith's Magazine

the Magazine [illegible] a *specialty* of $2000 to $[illegible] Homes [illegible] to 16 [illegible] Floor Plans Exterior Views [illegible] Special Articles and many [illegible]

SPECIAL OFFER [illegible] Plaster and Concrete Houses. Sample copy mailed for names of 3 leading [illegible] Contractors. **M. L. KEITH, Estab 1889** [illegible] Lumber Ex. Minneapolis Minn

SEA SHELLS! Send 4 cents for our large, interesting illustrated catalogue

A. L. HETTRICH COMPANY
508 Washington Street San Francisco, California

Getting On in the World

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

The Feminine Mind

PROBABLY three-quarters of the retail purchases in this country are made by women. The merchant who wants to sell must appeal to the feminine portion of the population; and the successful advertiser is he who understands the methods of feminine thought. When I started a dry-goods store in a small Nebraska city I knew this in a vague way; but a certain incident impressed it sharply upon me.

In January, when the cotton mills make it an object to push their goods, I was in position to advertise a great mark-down sale. So I put in the local papers the announcement that after a certain date and for a limited period—of course—all my white goods would be sacrificed at a twenty-five per cent. reduction. The time began; but, for some reason I could not fathom, the sales in this department rose little beyond their normal volume. One morning I left the desk and took my stand behind the counter.

The first customer happened to be a personal acquaintance. She wanted cotton sheets. After I had displayed the different qualities without awakening any enthusiasm she remarked:

"Now, I like this, and I'd like to buy here; but the truth is, I can't afford to. Why can't you sell these sheets as low as Manheim Brothers on the corner?"

That my rivals were underselling me was news, and I told her so. "Granting that the sheets are of equal quality," said I, "what do they charge?"

"Only a dollar-twenty," she replied.

"But, my dear lady, don't you see that these are marked a dollar-fifty, and that, as we advertise, the marked price is subject to a twenty-five per cent. reduction?"

"Well," she responded hesitatingly, "twenty-five cents from a dollar and a half still makes them cost a dollar-twenty-five, doesn't it?"

With considerable pains I explained to her the meaning of twenty-five per cent. off, and how the reduction would bring my price down to $1.13; and in the end she bought the sheets. But she left wearing a puzzled expression and, I'm sure, half convinced that she got a special bargain only because she was a friend.

After she was gone I did some thinking, and the next morning my ad. appeared somewhat as follows:

GREAT REDUCTION SALE
WHITE GOODS
ALL PRICES SLAUGHTERED
Sheets marked $2.00, now $1.50
Towels marked $.20, now $.15

And after that the goods sold.

The lesson is this:

The feminine mind is weak on abstractions and arithmetic. Give it concrete facts and definite prices. —*A. P. A.*

Buried Every Dime He Got

WHEN I was about fourteen years of age, living with my parents on a farm at the outskirts of a little town, where I attended the grammar school at the time, I read of a man who followed a system of saving by laying away every piece of gold or silver coin that came into his possession which was minted in the year "1888," until, at the end of some years, he had enough to start a profitable business of some kind.

I thought I would like to try something of that kind, so began to save every dime that came my way. I started out with the determination to carry this out to the letter, and under no circumstance would I spend a dime. Fully to remove the temptation to spend a dime now and then—to be later repaid, of course—I made a small tin box, about the size of a gallon measure, buried it out behind the buggy shed, and by means of an old, hollow tin-dipper handle about one foot long could drop my pieces of money into the box without having to dig up the box each time.

For a time I kept count of how much money I put into the box, which, of course,

"Open Up!" Said the Can-Opener

SNIDER
(PROCESS)
PORK
AND
BEANS
WITH
TOMATO SAUCE

HERE are Beans & Pork!
Three kinds—one price.
Which will you have?

All three have nice *Labels*.

One kind, when the tin is opened, is found mushy, discolored, crumbly, soupy and soft.

Another kind is found whole and white, but *hard*, half-raw, and bitter to the taste.

The *third* kind is the "last word" in the history of Beans.

This *third* kind is known as "*Snider-Process*" Pork & Beans.

These are prepared by the people who have made that famous "Snider Tomato Catsup," and "Snider Club Sauce," for over twenty years.

When you cut open a tin of *these* "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans you will find each Bean *whole*, cream-colored, firm, cheesy, porous and absorbent.

This *absorbent* quality is the secret of their unusual *digestibility*,—their fine, smooth consistency, and their delicious flavor.

* * *

Snider Pork & Beans have the Sulphur (which is the curse of all Beans and the cause of Flatulence) reduced to a fraction.

They contain 24 per cent. to 25 per cent. of Nitrogenous Proteid (body-builder) which is as much as Stilton Cheese contains, and *more* than the best Beef-steak, which latter has only 20 per cent. of this Proteid while costing several times the price of Beans.

Moreover, they are deliciously flavored with that piquant Snider Catsup made from strictly ripe red Tomatoes (without cores or peelings) and seasoned with *seven* spices instead of with the *single* Cayenne Pepper spicing of common Catsups.

Get your first tin of "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans *to-day!*

If its contents are not finer-looking, finer-flavored, more delicious to the taste, and more digestible than any you have ever eaten, tell your Grocer so and *get your money back.*

This advertisement is your authority.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Company
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

SAVE ALL the DEALERS' 70% PROFIT

The Greatest of Musical Inventions—the Two-Horn

DUPLEX
Phonograph On Trial

IT is the one phonograph that gives you all the sound vibrations correctly and accurately reproduced. The Duplex gets **all** the volume of music: other phonographs get but half. Not only do you get more volume but you get a better tone—clearer, sweeter, more like the original.

Our handsomely illustrated
Free Catalogue
will explain fully the superiority of **The Duplex.** Don't allow anyone to persuade you to buy any other make of phonograph without first sending for our catalogue.

The Duplex is not sold by dealers nor in stores. We are **Actual Manufacturers**, not jobbers, and sell **only direct** from **our factory** to the user, eliminating all middlemen's profits. That is why we are able to **manufacture** and **deliver** the best phonograph made for only $29.85.

[illegible]

$29.85 Freight Prepaid

Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost $100.

7 Days' Free Trial

We allow you seven days' free trial in your own home in which to decide whether you wish to keep it or not. If the machine does not make good our every claim—volume, tone, saving, satisfaction—just send it back. We'll pay freight charges both ways.

No Money In Advance

If you object to sending cash you may deposit it in trust with your banker [illegible] if the machine is not **satisfactory to you.** You are the only judge. As we pay freight **both ways** it costs you nothing to try.

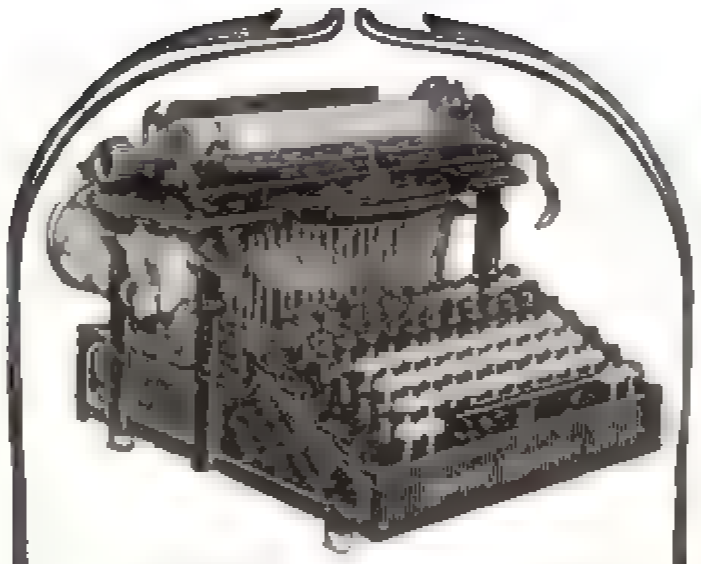
Our **Free Catalogue** will interest you.

DUPLEX PHONOGRAPH CO., 143 Patterson St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

STARK NURSERIES sell Direct, pay freight, give FULL value. Founded 1825. Large NEW Fruit Book free. **STARK BRO'S, Louisiana, Mo.**

EXTENDED
& FOLDED

Catalog Free
Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.



A LETTER in purple copying ink, emphasized in red, a document in non-fading black, a statement in purple or black with credits in red—all these

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

turns out without a change of ribbon or delays of any kind.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier Models.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
Syracuse, N.Y.
Branch Stores Everywhere

IF YOU WANT **THE BEST TAFFY** IN THE WORLD

YOU MUST INSIST ON GETTING

Huyler's OLD FASHIONED **WASHINGTON TAFFY**

For Sale at All Our Stores and First Class Druggists Everywhere. 10 CENT CAKES IN TUBES

If not carried by your dealer send ten cents in stamps or money to Huyler's, 18th St. & Irving Place, New York City

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from **FROM** $125 upward. Also beautiful **new Uprights** at $125, $135, $150 and $155. An instrument at $190 that we can recommend highly. Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new **Bargain List** and also one of our **Piano Book Catalogs**, which illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted.

Every piano bears our full guarantee, and will give years of musical satisfaction

LYON & HEALY
World's Largest Music House
40 Adams Street Chicago

For the TEETH
CALDER'S
SAPONACEOUS
DENTINE

Keeps the teeth strong and white, the gums hard and sound, and the mouth in a healthy condition.

For sale at all shops, as pictured above, for over fifty years
Also New Aluminum Can, 25c.

ALBERT L. CALDER CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.
Calder's Nail Polish Tablets for the Finger Nails

100 Visiting Cards Post Paid **50c**

Also Business, Mourning, Birth, Fraternal, Professional and Emblematic. We have cuts of trade marks and emblems for all railroads, lodges and fraternal societies. Monogram Stationery. **Wedding Invitations and Announcements.** Samples free. E. J. Schuster Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. AE, St. Louis, Mo.

did not accumulate very rapidly considering the fact that my father limited us somewhat in our spending-money. However, long before I was seventeen, when I went off to school, I had lost track of even the probable amount I had dropped into my little vault. During my years at college I continued to save my dimes, though it was much harder to do so there, as I did not make a depository as I had at home. Many times, when I had spent my allowance, I was greatly tempted to dig down into the bottom of my trunk and "borrow" a few dimes.

One time in particular, just after finishing my college course, I had returned home and dumped my savings into the tin box with the other dimes. One afternoon as I was walking down the street I met Miss R——, daughter of the cashier of the bank, and suggested that we take a ride out to the park. We had been sweethearts when we attended the grammar school together, and, it is needless to say, we had a fine afternoon of it. It happened, though, that I had only a half-dollar with me, and as we went out the conductor gave me four dimes in change.

During the afternoon's conversation I told Miss R—— of my plan of saving, of the predicament in which I now found myself, and that I could see no way out of it except that we walk home. She assented, as I thought rather reluctantly, and the twelve or fifteen blocks' walk was not the most pleasant I have ever had.

A short time after that I secured a position in her father's bank and, on pay-day, I was not a little surprised to get my salary all in dimes. I informed Miss R—— of this, as I had been calling on her regularly since my return from college, and, must admit, had designs. However, I was compelled to forego the pleasure of the entertainments and theatres until the next pay-day, and Miss R—— seemed to be quite offended because I did not take her out oftener.

But, after we were married, she told me that her father had paid me in dimes to put me to the test, and that, after I had won out, he told her that a young man who would stick to a resolution under such circumstances was made out of the right kind of stuff.

The day we were married I told her that her dowry from me would be what she found in the little tin box. She took the box out, and you can imagine my surprise when on counting the dimes we found they amounted to a little more than three hundred dollars. Understand, however, this represented my savings up to the time I commenced work in the bank, as I deposited my dimes thereafter in the vault of the bank. *— O. F. B.*

Managed the Renting of Properties

ONE of the most important branches of the real-estate business is the rent department. It is also one of the most difficult and slowest parts to build up. Most of the active, up-to-date real-estate concerns have special outside men to solicit for rent vacant properties; but, even after they secure permission from the owner to rent the same, usually in competition with other agents, they have to find a tenant for the house before there is one cent of profit.

Some time back I hit upon a scheme of building up this branch of the business which, I believe, has rarely been practiced by other brokers. In a city of several hundred thousand or more inhabitants you will note in the daily papers advertisements of auction sales of real estate, sometimes three or four on the same day. The day after such a sale I procured from the auctioneer the name and address of the purchaser. I had printed a neat booklet, setting forth the advantages of placing renting property in the hands of agents, and especially with my firm, and mailed a copy to the purchaser. The day following a representative from our office called to see him.

If the man called upon intended placing the property in the hands of an agent, and the first interview with the purchaser was at all promising, we watched the court record, noted the transfer of the property about fifteen days later, and then called on him again. In this manner we have built up our rent department wonderfully, for nine times out of ten the property was already rented, and all we had to do was to go ahead with the collection of the rents without having the bother of finding a new tenant. *—S. W. J.*

HIGHLAND LINEN has been the favorite fabric finish writing paper of thousands of women of taste and always will be. Its fine writing surface, pleasing shades, rich "feel" and splendid quality make its place secure.

EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM, the newcomer in correct and beautiful papers, does not supersede Highland Linen. It is merely an alternative. Give both a place on your desk, for both represent the highest type of paper-making arrived at by different processes.

Our $1,770 Letter-Writing Contest

Do you know that owing to the tremendous amount of freights being moved by railroads and transportation companies it has been absolutely impossible for us to get Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum stock to far-distant points in time for distribution to our customers' customers? We have, therefore, decided to

Postpone the Closing Date

of the prize contest for letters written upon and about Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum from February 14th, as advertised in January magazines, to April 20th. No other change in conditions.

The best way to enter this contest is to get Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum and the "conditions" at your local stationer's. If he can't supply you, we will send a half-size box for 25c. and his name.

EATON-HURLBUT PAPER COMPANY
Dept. 29, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Take Them To
JAPAN and CHINA

A trip for all the family—costs no more than staying at home—education for your children, recreation for yourself. The invigorating sea air is a better tonic than ever druggist compounded. A glorious trip when made on the mammoth steamships "MINNESOTA" and "DAKOTA," operated by the

Great Northern Steamship Co.

between Seattle, Japan and China. Built to meet all requirements of first-class Trans-Pacific travel, equipment and service appeal to particular passengers. The children's padded play-room and the electric laundry are features not to be overlooked. Write for folder descriptive of trip.

A. L. Craig, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.
W. A. Ross, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agt., Seattle, Wash.
W. C. Thorn, Trav. Pass'r Agt., 209 Adams St., Chicago
C. W. Pitts, Gen'l Agt., 220 So. Clark St., Chicago
W. M. Lowrie, Gen'l Eastern Agent
379 Broadway, New York

One Man Does It

Compare the one-man-one-hammer way of laying REX Flintkote ROOFING with the crew of skilled laborers and apparatus necessary to lay any other kind of roof

REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING

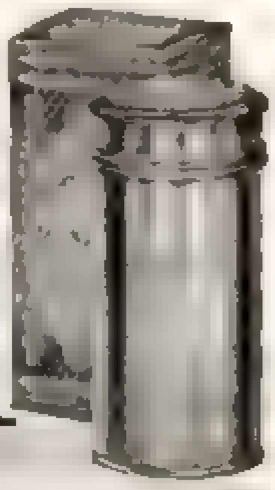
costs less both for material and labor of laying than any other good roof, yet lasts longer and gives better protection from fire, rain, snow and wind.

Write for Book and Samples

[illegible] will tell you all about REX Flintkote Roofing and give [illegible] with letters of recommendation from users. The samples will show you what REX Flintkote Roofing really is and enable you to test its properties [illegible]

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
43 India Street, Boston, Mass.
AGENTS EVERYWHERE

[illegible] trade mark appears on every roll of genuine Rex.



The Man Who Most appreciates

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

is he who has tried others first.

Send 4 cents in stamps for trial stick in nickeled box.

(Enough for a month's shaving)

Colgate & Co., Dept. P
55 John St., New York

The Dayton Protection System Absolutely Protects Person and Property.

The Dayton Protection System, installed in your bed room at the merely nominal cost of $12.00, not only notifies you when a burglar tries to enter your house, but by means of locking equipments positively keeps the burglar out. Write today for our booklet, "An Invincible Watch-Dog," which explains this remarkable system.

Dayton Protection System Co., Dept. L
443 to 447 East First Street, Dayton, Ohio.

SENSE & NONSENSE

The Wambuska Hoodoo

AMONG J. J. Hill's novel ideas of railroad construction and operation was that of having his own sleeping-cars on the Great Northern. "Uncle Jim," as he is known from one end of the line to the other, reserved the right to name the cars, and, without exception, he drew upon the language of the Chippewas.

As an entomologist (if the word may be allowed) the great financier was a success, but in one instance his unfamiliarity with Indian terms led him to make a mistake.

One of the newest and handsomest sleepers Hill christened "Wambuska." But the Wambuska, in spite of its furnishings, proved unpopular with the traveling public. Uncle Jim gave the matter little concern until one day his private car happened to be riding in the same train with the Wambuska. At a station, where the train stopped for a connection, Uncle Jim alighted.

His attention was immediately attracted to three trappers, who were standing at the side of the Wambuska, jabbing each other in the ribs and laughing heartily. Hill tiptoed toward the trio, as near as he could without being seen. He was rewarded by hearing another explosion of laughter as one man pointed toward the sleeper. Hill stooped and peered under the car, almost sure there must be something wrong with the construction of the underpinning. Dismayed, he tapped one of the trio on the shoulder and inquired the cause of their laughter.

"That name W-a-m-b ——" But before the trapper could finish he gave way to another spell of laughing.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Hill.

"What's the matter with it? Why Wambuska in Chippewa means, 'Where the bugs are!'" answered the trapper.

The sleeper went into the shops at the end of the run, where, by aid of painter's brush, "she" was rechristened.

Twenty Hours Ahead

SEVERAL years ago, while living in Philadelphia, I unexpectedly lost a good job through the failure of a large concern, and became so desperately in need of money that I was willing to take the shortest end of any legitimate chance to secure a first-class position.

In one of the business magazines, the want ads of which I scanned so carefully that I discovered three typographical errors in one column, a Chicago dry-goods firm advertised for a first-class salesman in the territory of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey, salary eighteen hundred dollars per annum. One familiar with the district was preferred, and as this was just in my line, having sold goods before throughout the Eastern States, I answered the ad, giving full details, so that I felt sure I would at least be granted an interview, and that was all I wanted.

Replies were directed in care of the magazine so that the identity of the firm was not disclosed. However, I figured that eighteen hundred dollars was worth taking a chance on, and mailed my letter one Monday evening. Wednesday it arrived in Chicago, I calculated, and Thursday morning I left for Chicago, giving my wife instructions to telegraph me the name and address of the concern when my reply came back from Chicago on Friday. I figured that there would be a number of other people after the same position, but knew that, if I had an interview with the concern twenty hours before any of the other Eastern applicants arrived, I could convince them of my ability to fill the position.

Arriving in Chicago Friday morning, at eleven o'clock, I received a telegram from my wife giving me the desired information. I immediately called upon the manager, and he almost fell out of his chair when I told him who I was. "How on earth did you get here so quickly?" he asked. "We didn't expect you until Monday at the earliest, for we only wrote you two days ago."

After matters were explained, I impressed upon him that his firm could not afford to lose the services of a man who arrived so far in advance of other applicants

American Gentleman SHOE

$3.50
$4.00

This American Gentleman Shoe is just suited to late Winter and Spring wear.

Patent Leather blucher with mat calf top, welt sole and Ascot last.

"Shoelight" tells of many other new fashionable shoe Styles. Write for a free copy.

The American Gentleman Shoe looks as well when worn as it does in the shop window—the American Gentleman details of fine workmanship and style are plainly in evidence always.

Moreover, wear proves the perfect comfort and unequaled durability which makes the American Gentleman Shoe the all round satisfactory shoe.

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

THE JEWEL

For His Majesty, the Average Man; for his family and for professional purposes, THE JEWEL is easily the most attractive proposition in all the land,

Because

Its valveless Two-cycle single cylinder engine is the acme of simplicity.

There are no small outer parts on THE JEWEL'S cylinder, and therefore no expensive worry makers to adjust or replace.

There are no valves in THE JEWEL'S engine, and therefore nothing to be renewed or ground from time to time, to ensure perfect supply, combustion or expulsion of gases.

There is no reason in buying complexity, when simplicity, plus efficiency, is in the market.

The two-cycle cylinder of THE JEWEL gives an impulse for every revolution of the main shaft, and therefore twice the energized strokes possible with any single cylinder of the four-cycle type.

It is cheaper to feed one cylinder than two.

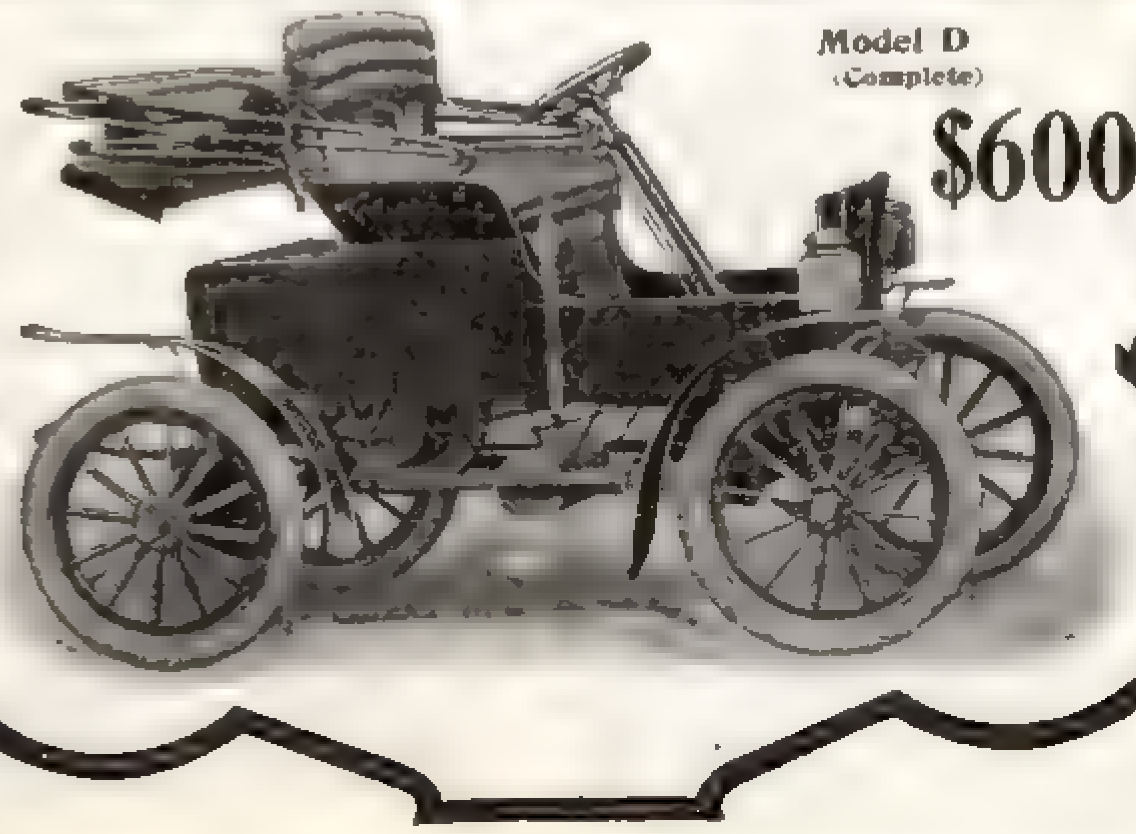
THE JEWEL weighs only 900 pounds, and is therefore easier on its tires than larger machines.

Write today for full information about THE JEWEL
Runabout, and our beautiful Model E Stanhope

The Forest City Motor Car Co., 142 Walnut St., Massillon, Ohio

Model D
(Complete)

$600



FREE for INSPECTION

Four large volumes — 2000 pages — size of page 7x10 in., bound in half red morocco leather — type is large, new, easy-to-read — fully indexed — most practical work on drawing published

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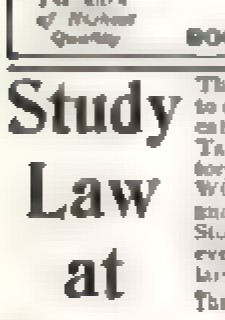

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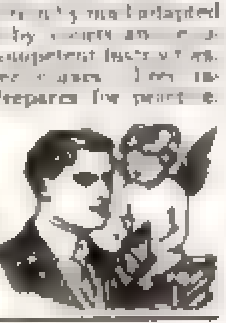

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for the job, especially when they wanted a man to start in immediately, and Mr. Jones very quickly came around to my point of view. There were three other Easterners to whom an interview had been granted, he told me, and by Monday morning, just about the time they got to Chicago, I was back in the East with a full line of samples and a route-card. —*R. M. P.*

A Rhyme of the Cities

Said little Johnnie to the Owl:
  "I've heard you're wondrous wise,
And so I'd like to question you;
  Now, please, don't tell me lies.

"The first thing, then, I'd have you tell,
  My empty mind to fill,
Pray, was it that explosive beef
  That made Chicago Ill.?

"I've heard it said, yet do not know—
  In fact, it may be bosh—
Then, tell me, is it lots of dirt
  That makes Seattle Wash.?

"When certain things will not go straight
  To right them we should try;
So, maybe, you can say what 'tis
  Sets Providence R. I.?

"Another thing I wish I could
  Inform my waiting class
Is just how many priests it takes
  To say the Boston Mass.?

"This is the time of running debts,
  As you must surely know.
This secret, then, impart to me:
  How much does Cleveland O.?

"In ages, too, you must be learned,
  More so than many men.
So, tell me in a whisper, please,
  When was Miss Nashville Tenn.?

"It takes great heat the gold to melt,
  And iron takes much more;
Then is it true that 'way out West
  The rain melts Portland Ore.?

"Some voices are so strong and full
  And some so still and small,
That I have wondered oftentimes
  How loud could Denver Col.?"

The Owl he scratched his feathered pate:
  "I'm sorry, little man;
Ask some one else. I cannot tell.
  Perhaps Topeka Kan."

— *Donald A. Fraser.*

Miss Fitts and a Safe Place

MISS ELIZA FITTS was a maiden lady who had nothing to live for except three cats and a fortune. When her grandfather shuffled off this mortal coil, she inherited from him twenty thousand dollars, and she consulted the family lawyer concerning its proper investment. At once he suggested that the money be deposited with a savings-bank, where it would gather unto itself four per cent. every year.

"Before I do such a thing," said Miss Fitts, "you must give me the name of the bank and full information concerning its trustees and assets. We must carefully investigate the institution before intrusting to its care so large a sum of money."

She sent word to the superintendent of banks and asked him his opinion of the bank recommended by her adviser. He replied that it contained only one hundred million dollars of people's savings, but that he didn't know just how safe she wanted it.

The day she went to the bank, she discovered that one of its trustees had a stepson who was married to a vaudeville actress. That settled it. The lawyer presented the names of several other banks; in turn she picked minute flaws in all of them and refused them her money.

One day a Nevada mining shark printed a big-type ad. in a Sunday newspaper offering the stock of the Lambs' Extension Gold Mining and Development Company. He promised dividends of eight hundred per cent. a month and offered the stock for forty-eight hours at forty cents per share. After that, said the ad., it would be fifty cents, and wise folks should climb aboard.

Miss Fitts sent him the twenty thousand, and begged him to hold the price down one day more to enable her to sell some United States three per cents. and send him that money, too. In all, she sent him forty thousand dollars.

And the mining shark lived happily ever after.

Moral: Isn't it funny? —*S. T. Stern.*

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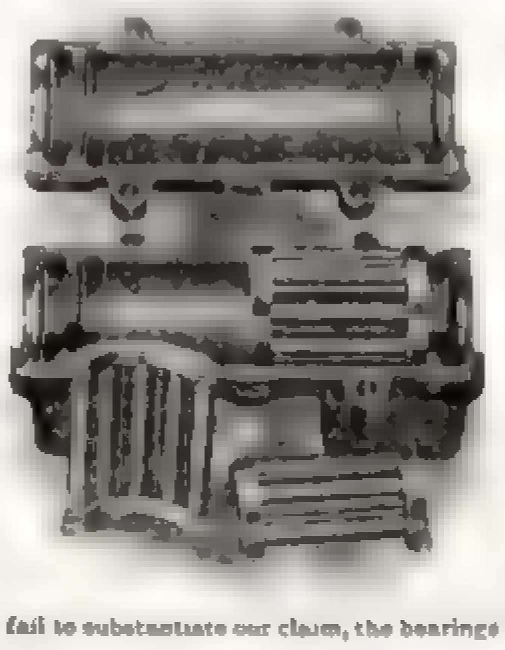

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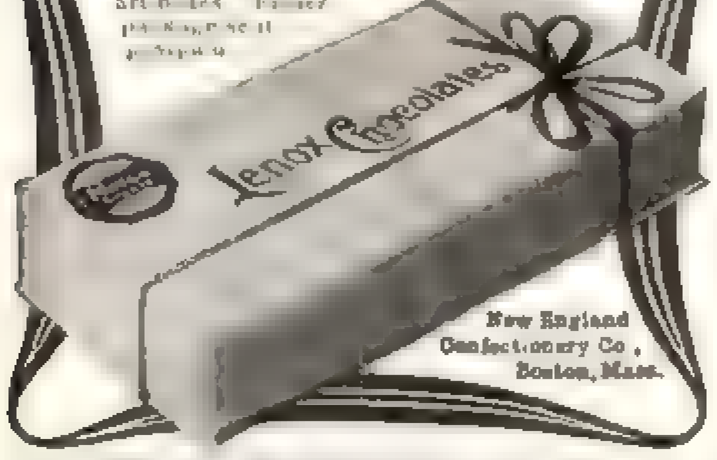

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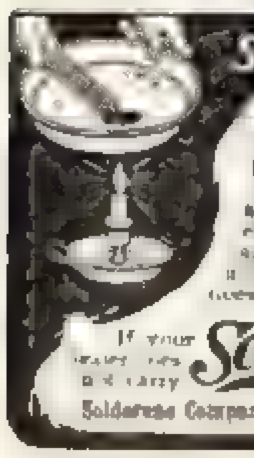

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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

Miss Carolyn Wells Invoking Her Muse

Manual Labor

CAROLYN WELLS is too young a woman and too brilliant a writer to be considered among the old fogies of literature, but one trait she has in common with them, and that is a scorn of the typewriter. Not only does she refuse to dictate a line of her prose to a stenographer—nobody yet, of course, ever dictated lilting verse—but she insists that it must be written "with the pen in hand," instead of with the finger upon a space-bar. Rewriting, revising, amending and editing—at these she is untiring; but all the work must be done by herself and in long-hand—a hand, however, that is clear and flowing enough to suit the most exacting man of type.

The Intellectual Snob

CLEVER people have a fondness for concocting categories by which to distinguish themselves—the elect—from the common herd. The herd used to be called "Philistine," or plain "bore," but in our scientific, slangy day we need a fresher term and Mr. Gelett Burgess thinks he has found it in his "Bromide" (bore, Philistine, commonplace, prosy person) and "Sulphite" (elect spirit, clever, intelligent, etc. —that is, "us"). It is not a pretty nomenclature; it smells of the laboratory—at least of the soda-water fountain. Any plain citizen might resent being associated with Bromides, in spite of this consoling sop, which Mr. Burgess throws in at the end of his little monograph: "Bromides we may love, and even marry. . . . They are restful and soporific. . . . The Bromide has no salt nor spice nor savor, but he is the bread of society, the veriest staff of life."

The man-ape seems eternally engaged in trying to differentiate himself from the fellow-apes, by the trim of his tail, the cut of his ideas or the style of his chatter.

One Way to Sell a Dull Book

POOR Mrs. Parsons! She wrote a dull, heavy treatise, full of hard names, about The Family (*Putnam's*), of the sort that is called scientific and college students study as "sociology." Unluckily some newspaper man with a nose for scandal discovered toward the end of its wordy pages a few lines about desirable changes in the present state of marriage, labeled "trial marriages," and so we have a ten-days' rumpus in the press.

In plain, simple fact, Mrs. Parsons' book treats of the history of the marriage tie and the family unit. It has much to say of marital customs among the Eskimos, the Central Australians, the ancient Hindus, and other remote peoples, and little or nothing about modern marriage. It is a summary of the known facts about family life among the primitive inhabitants of the earth, with almost no original thought on the subject.

The marriage and family habits of our remote ancestors were curious and often disgusting, but they have about as much relation to the present-day condition as the table habits of the Fiji Islanders have to the manners of the smart set.

Mrs. Parsons, when she begins to theorize for herself, has some curious logic in her feeble suggestion that "trial marriages" might be a good thing. On one page she condemns the childless marriage and on the next suggests the possibility of terminating first marriages without social disgrace in case they are childless! As a whole,

Today's New Alphabet
spells three words "Knowledge, Fitness, Success"
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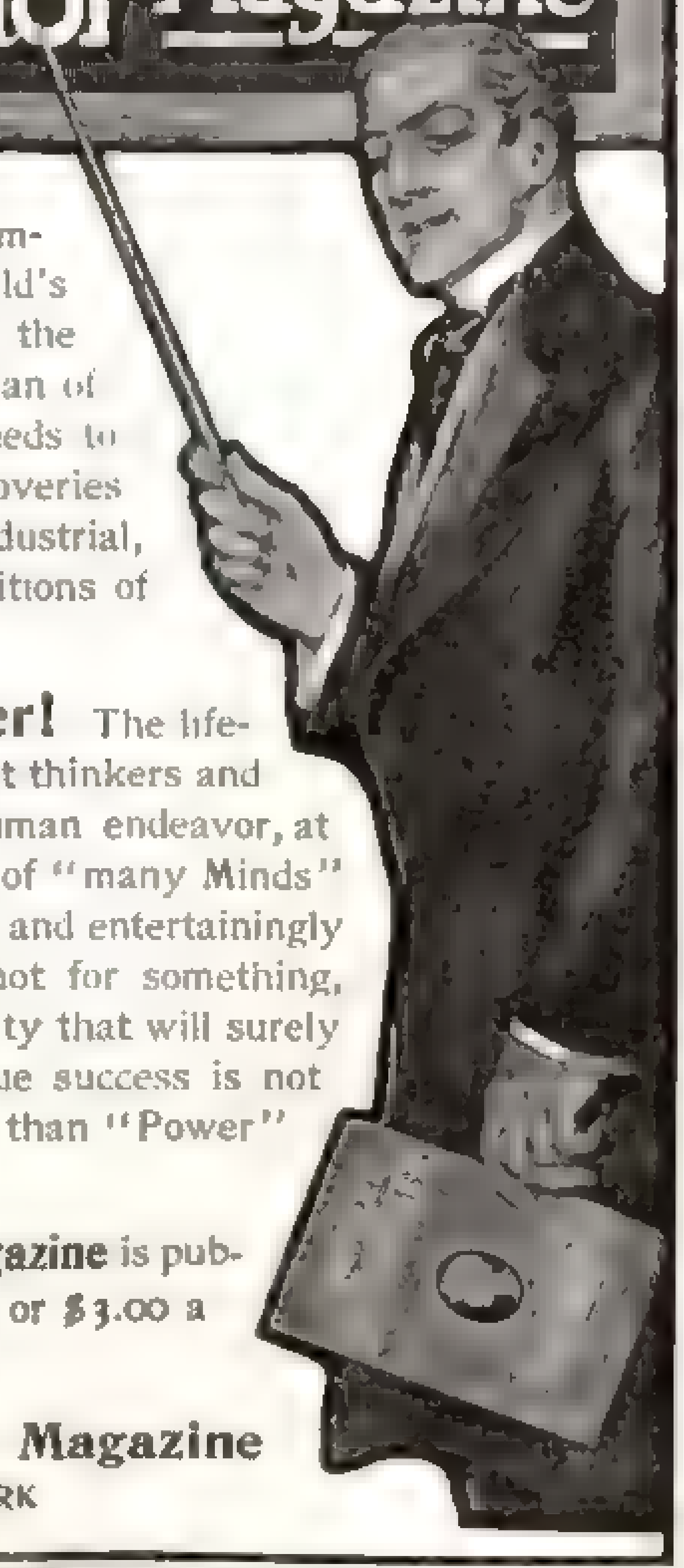

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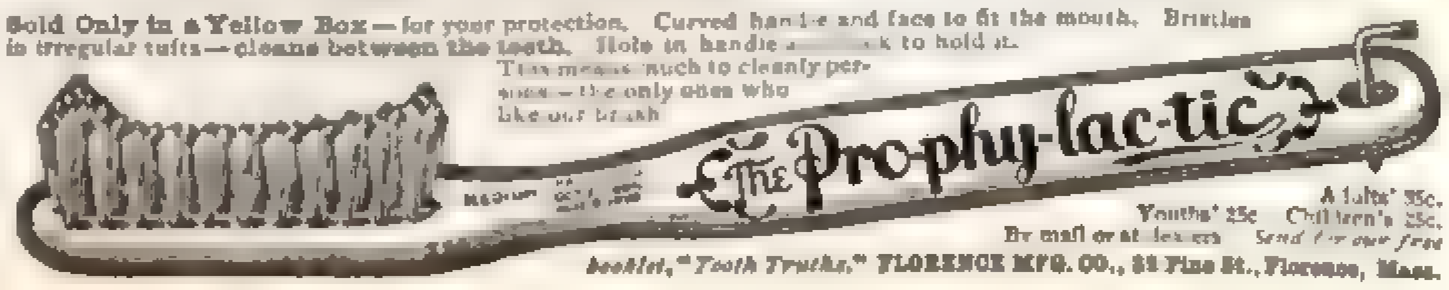

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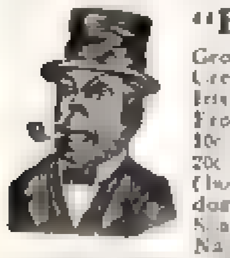

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however, her advice is safe and old: for the sake of children marriages should be made as stable and enduring as possible, for the longer the child has the benefit of parental care the better he will be equipped for life. Is there anything very scandalous in that, or new?

A Newcomer

THE first novel of a woman already widely known in various fields of literary activity, especially by her critical and economic articles and short stories, will be published this spring under the title of Felicity. Miss Clara E. Laughlin, its writer, is the editor of The Interior, and is a resident of Chicago. She was one of the earliest members of, and is to-day one of the most active spirits in, The Little Room, the unique literary club of Chicago to which belong writers, playwrights, illustrators, artists and musicians. She is a young woman and, despite her considerable success with the magazines and the book-publishers, has given two years of careful work to this, her first full-length novel. Felicity is a study of character and temperament, and follows the career of the young girl who goes upon the stage.

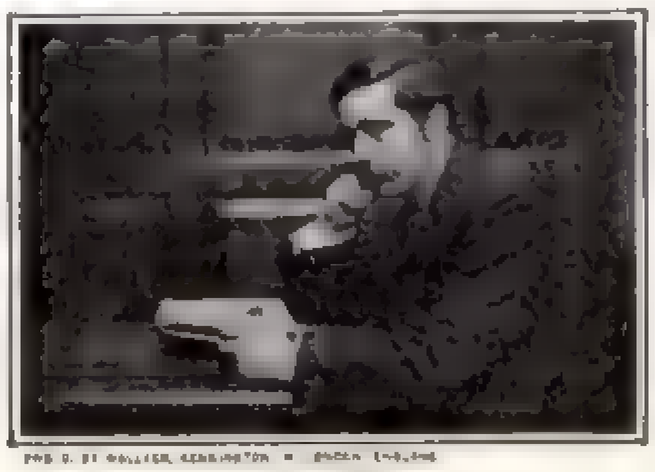
Quiller's Latest

For one, it simply drove me to my Couch;
  In fact, I really could not read it through.
Some day there'll come a time—for that I'll vouch—
  When Quiller once again will take his "Q."

—*R. W. K.*

As Mr. Wells Sees Us

MR. H. G. WELLS' vision of The Future in America is not likely to be popular in this country. He has too many doubts about us, and he sees our Problems with a capital P. As long as Prosperity lasts, we have few doubts about ourselves, and they are confined to those who are dissatisfied with their share of the prosperity. But Mr. Wells is worth listening to: unlike the customary scurrying Englishman who makes a book about the "States," he does not confine his observations to our dirty streets, our skyscrapers, Pullmans and hotels, nor even to American women. He is after more serious things—the industrial situation, the American idea as shown at Ellis Island, the spirit of our civilization. To be sure, he cannot refrain from comparing New York unfavorably with London and with Rome—and unfairly, of course. There are few uglier, more unfinished spots on this globe than parts of those ancient cities. What Mr. Wells has to say about the hundreds of thousands of raw immigrants yearly pouring in to supply the labor market for the industrial leaders and to depress the level of living has more point. And also the growing conflict of classes. In spite of high wages the gulf between the rich holders of capital and the workers is growing wider with terrible rapidity, and must widen as long as the system of "each man pushing for himself," regardless of the State, is perpetuated. That is the gist of Mr. Wells' doubts about us: as an experiment on the principle of every man for himself and the devil help the hindmost he forecasts the colossal failure of industrial democracy. We worship Property: it is our god, and our laws are framed primarily for the protection of Property. The result of all this is lack of discipline—that is, a disregard for Law, for the rights of others. We are an undisciplined people. Perhaps Mr. Wells sees our future too darkly; did not fully recover from the shock which we gave him. But judging from our newspapers, from the political and financial situation of our cities, there is much to support his view. There is, however, a considerable portion of America still lying outside of New York and Chicago not governed by Wall Street and the Trusts. That portion may yet vindicate the American idea.



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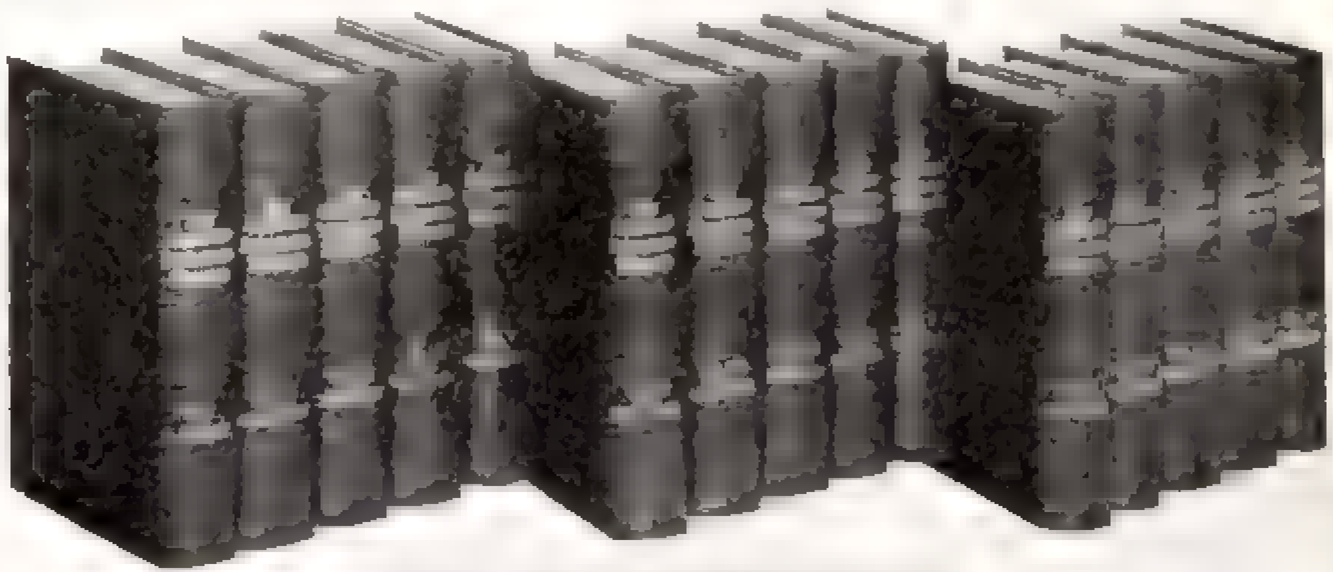

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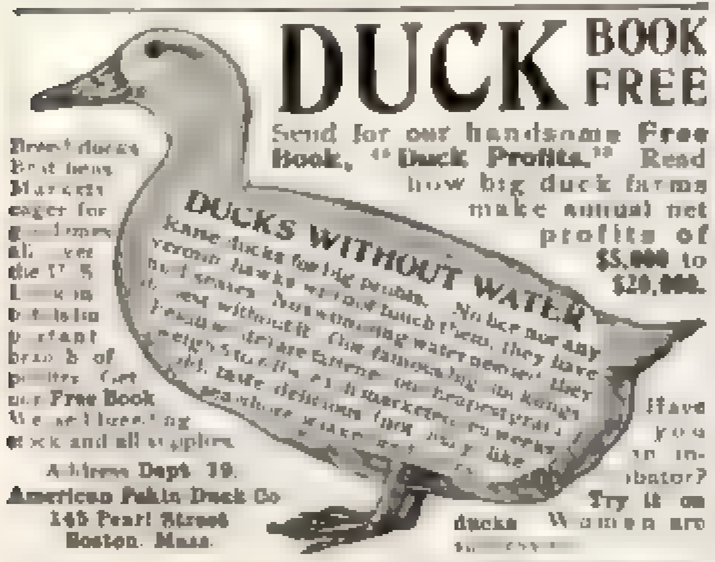
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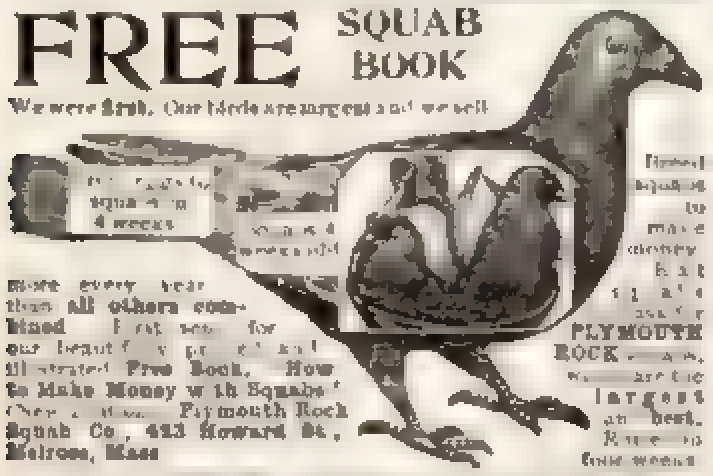
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THE MAYOR OF CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 7)

plants, bridges and parks—have developed from privately-conducted enterprises to publicly owned and conducted undertakings.

Six years ago he told the people of Cleveland that they should have a three-cent street-car fare; all the time since he has struggled to bring that condition to pass. The fight has been a tremendous one; every resource known to Special Privilege has been exhausted; all that the corporations and their shrewd lawyers, their allies and parasites, could do has been done. Tom Johnson has been attacked from every conceivable quarter and in every imaginable way; he has been coarsely abused, maligned, vilified, called a demagogue, a dangerous agitator, a boss—everything; his motives have been impugned; he has been assailed as few men in public life have been assailed. But now his enemies are making their last stand. There is an end even to the manœuvres of cunning corporation lawyers and to the long, tangled processes of the courts.

On the first day of November, 1906, a little after noon, Mayor Johnson drew on his big automobile gauntlets, took the controller of a new trolley car, and ran it out of the Denison Avenue car barns, and started it on its first trip. The car was filled with city officials, with the officials of the Municipal Traction Company, and others. The great crowd that had assembled sent up a cheer, and as the car purred along, the conductor collected the first three-cent fares that had ever been paid in Cleveland. Mayor Johnson ran the car over the entire fourteen miles of track, and as it passed along it was received with cheers, with huzzas, now and then with the firing of explosives as if the day were the Fourth of July. Men and women crowded around and presented Mayor Johnson with bouquets of flowers.

It was a happy day for Mayor Johnson, for it meant victory at last. And it was a happy day for the people of Cleveland, and they celebrated it as if it were the Fourth of July, as well they might, for it was a new independence day, an independence of Special Privilege, which so long had held Cleveland, as it had other American cities, in bondage. And the victory was that of other American cities as well, for Mayor Johnson has been fighting the battle not alone of the people of Cleveland, but of the people of all cities, against the monopoly of public-utility corporations; this fact has intensified and magnified and embittered his tremendous struggle. For three-cent fares, and municipal operation, yes, ownership, in Cleveland—when Ohio sets her cities free—mean these things in other cities, and it is fortunate that the people of all these cities have such a personality in Tom L. Johnson to represent and lead them.

The victory was made complete when the Supreme Court of the United States, in January, sustained Mayor Johnson's contentions, and opened the way for Cleveland's control of her own traction lines. The court held that the extension of grants for connecting lines did not extend the life of the original franchises of constituent lines, and this holding opened many new streets to the city. In a word, the court at last decided in the public interest and not in the private interest, a tremendous victory for the people of American cities. Thus Tom Johnson won. There may be other injunctions, but win in the end he must, for the rest is only the working out of detail. The world has not been tending for ages toward democracy to be turned back now.

But the three-cent fare is not Mayor Johnson's sole ambition. It is a symbol, but only a symbol. Some one once said:

"Why does Tom Johnson bother about a three or a five cent fare? The difference between them is only two cents."

But that difference, two cents, symbolizes to him the economic struggle the world is passing through. That two cents represents to him, on the one hand, the perquisite of Special Privilege, all the luxury, extravagance, selfishness, conspicuous waste, idleness, spiritual loss and decay and moral degeneracy of the plutocracy; in that two cents he sees the automobiles, yachts, horses, in the hands of those who never toil; he sees in it the cause of all the bribery and

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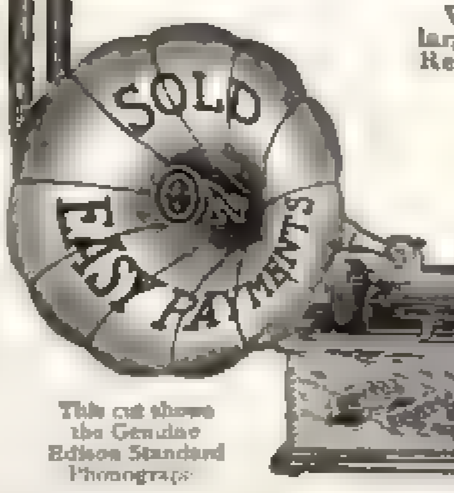
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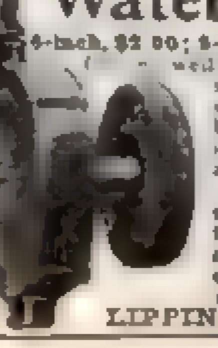
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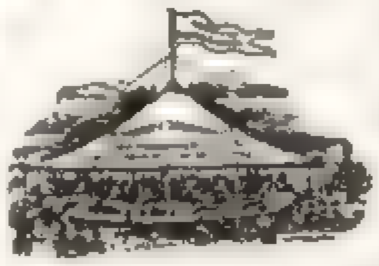
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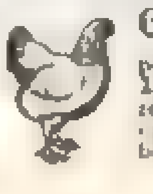
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corruption that have despoiled the characters of public officials; and, on the other side, he sees the sacrifice, misery, squalor, disease, poverty and vice of the poor, the tenements, the slums, the tenderloin, long hours of toil, pale children in shops and factory—all the sordid, graceless, hopeless lives that are lived on or below the starvation line.

No, Mayor Johnson's ambition is not a three-cent fare; it is democracy, fundamental democracy. And to him the city is the hope of democracy; his ambition is the city, the free city; all that he has ever done has been to bring about the free, democratic, American city. His excursions into State politics, when he was accused of being personally ambitious, have been to bring back from reluctant, rural, undemocratic legislatures greater freedom for his city. For early in his career he learned that the city cannot realize itself until the State sets it free.

In a word, his ambition is the free city, the city with home rule, and his personal ambition does not go beyond being the Mayor of such a city.

His career is but another example of the power of personality. The magnitude of his task was appalling; a weaker man could never have endured what he has endured. When he was elected Mayor the first time, the city of Cleveland, under a special act, was organized on the Federal plan—that is, the executive and administrative power and the corresponding responsibility were centred in the Mayor. He appointed his own cabinet, just as the President does. Because of this fact—because of this centring of power and responsibility—the Federal plan is the best and most democratic plan of municipal government thus far found; the board plan, because it divides power and distributes responsibility, is the worst and most undemocratic plan, and hence beloved of politicians and Special Privilege.

After Mayor Johnson had been in office a term the Supreme Court of Ohio discovered that it had been mistaken during the half-century it had been declaring these special acts constitutional, reversed its own decisions and declared them unconstitutional. Then every municipal government in Ohio fell. The legislature was convened; Ohio, with the slate clean, had the greatest opportunity for municipal reform any State ever had. The State Bar Association indorsed and presented a uniform code based on the Federal plan; but, as usual, the legislature, instead of legislating in trust of democracy, began to legislate in distrust of democracy.

The people had no lobby; they were not there; they were hardly represented; but the corporations were there, and they seized the opportunity. Instead of legislating with reference to all the people of the State or all the people of the cities of the State, the legislature, under orders, began to legislate with reference to but two persons in the State, two men, two great personalities: Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, and Sam Jones, of Toledo, democrats in the broad sense, both tribunes of the people.

No more astute or clever scheme was ever devised or carried into effect. A code was adopted, stripping the Mayors of all their administrative powers and bestowing these powers on boards. The politicians "knew their business"; they thought that the people, trained by centuries to regard the Mayor of a city as its responsible head, would not discriminate, but would continue to hold the Mayor responsible; meanwhile, the boards, or their bosses, could do as they pleased and the Mayor could shoulder the blame. No greater tribute—unintentional though it was—could have been paid to these two great personalities—it left them as the sole representatives of the people.

But in Cleveland the unexpected happened: the unexpected which has happened so often that it should come to be the expected. Tom Johnson was reëlected, and with him were elected to the service board the very men he had had in his cabinet. Thus with his good luck he remained in a position to accomplish results, to effect reforms, to do things; and his warfare went on, and is going on.

Mayor Johnson may not see his whole dream realized: that is hardly the way of the world. The great leaders and lovers of humanity have seldom lived to celebrate the victories they organize. But the best of them struggle on to the end, serene in mighty faith, and so will Tom Johnson, the democrat.

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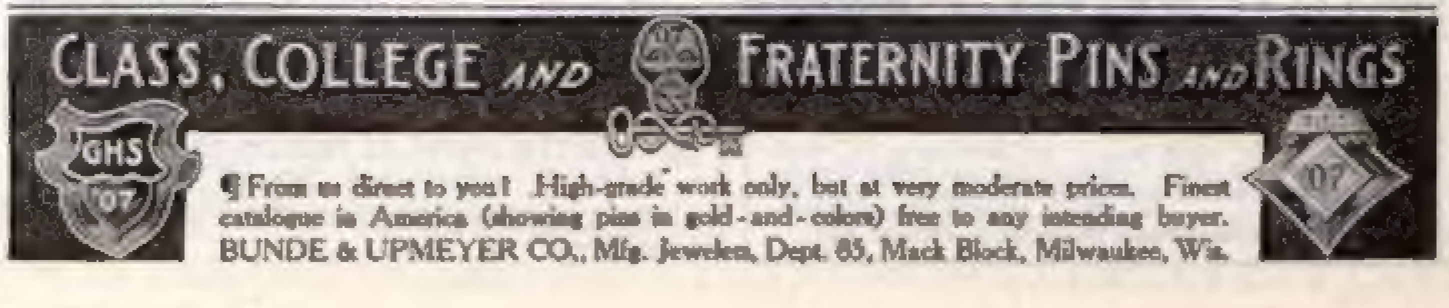

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The Cave Man

(Continued from Page 15)

connection; and, as Pedey bowed in response to Wistar's salute, his expressive face wore, all unconsciously, a look of deprecation, almost of apology. "Rubber" had ceased to be the synonym of curiosity, and become that of vigilance—indeed, of fear. It was clear enough, now, why at the outset Penrhyn, instead of clearing out with his promoter's profit, had taken office in the combination, why he had so persistently refused to accept Minot as a member of the executive committee. The plot against Wistar had been deeper and more subtle than he had charged, even in the heat of anger—the stake immeasurably vaster. And placed as he now was, on the inside and subject to the will of a majority, his power to combat it was crippled.

When they came to her door, Judith asked Wistar to lunch. The least she could do, she said, was to offer as much for his company as Gertrude.

"Thank you," he said with the negative inflection.

"I mean it!" she protested. "If I am willing to be—not naughty—at least you might let me!"

The new fear in his mind had deepened his Sabbath lonesomeness. She at least, if she knew what he knew, would be on his side. And it was so long since he had felt anything like the touch of her beauty, her comradeship! In his heart he knew that she was all he had ever dreamed her, and more. The old instinct to prostrate himself before her came back on him. Life offered this one moment of happiness, why not seize it? But the temptation was brief. He would not bend again until he stood straight in the eyes of all. "Thank you," he repeated.

"You mean that as a reproach to me," she said.

For the first time in his life he felt that she was seriously striving for his good will.

"If you don't mean it so," she added, "you will do as I ask."

He did not misconstrue her motives. The coquetry of vanity was a thing unknown to her, but she was full of the coquetry of the affections; he had seen her stop on the streets to win the confidence of a mongrel who slunk from her. Still he stood firm. "I was thinking of what Andrews said—of the darkness in which I labored that night. When it is finally cleared, I shall, if I may, claim acquaintance with you."

"But, in the mean time," she still pleaded, "if I forgive you?"

"I must decline," he said, and left her, though not before he had seen her cheeks flush at what, in spite of himself, he had implied.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sumner's Advice

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, former Senator from New Hampshire, and now president of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, has been in public life since 1862 and has known about everybody who has been contemporaneous with him in that time. He has known all the Presidents, with the exception of Buchanan, since Pierce.

Mr. Chandler was seventy-one years old a few weeks ago and was talking to some friends. "The best political advice I ever had," he said, "I got from Charles Sumner. I was walking to church one Sunday in Washington, and I met Mr. Sumner, who was driving an old-fashioned carriage.

"'Where are you going, Chandler?' he asked me.

"'To church,' I said.

"'Put it off,' Mr. Sumner insisted, 'and get in here with me. I am going out in the country for a picnic.'

"I got in with him and we drove out to Surrattsville, saw the Surratt house and ate our luncheon by the side of a brook. As Mr. Sumner was discoursing to me he suddenly turned and said: 'Chandler, where do you live?'

"'I live in the Fifth Ward of Concord, New Hampshire,' I replied.

"'Well,' he said, 'let me give you this advice: Never lose your hold on that ward. Always have it so you can be sent to the State convention or the State legislature from that ward. The control of the home place is the secret of success in politics.'

"And," concluded Mr. Chandler, "I always kept my hold on the Fifth Ward of Concord."

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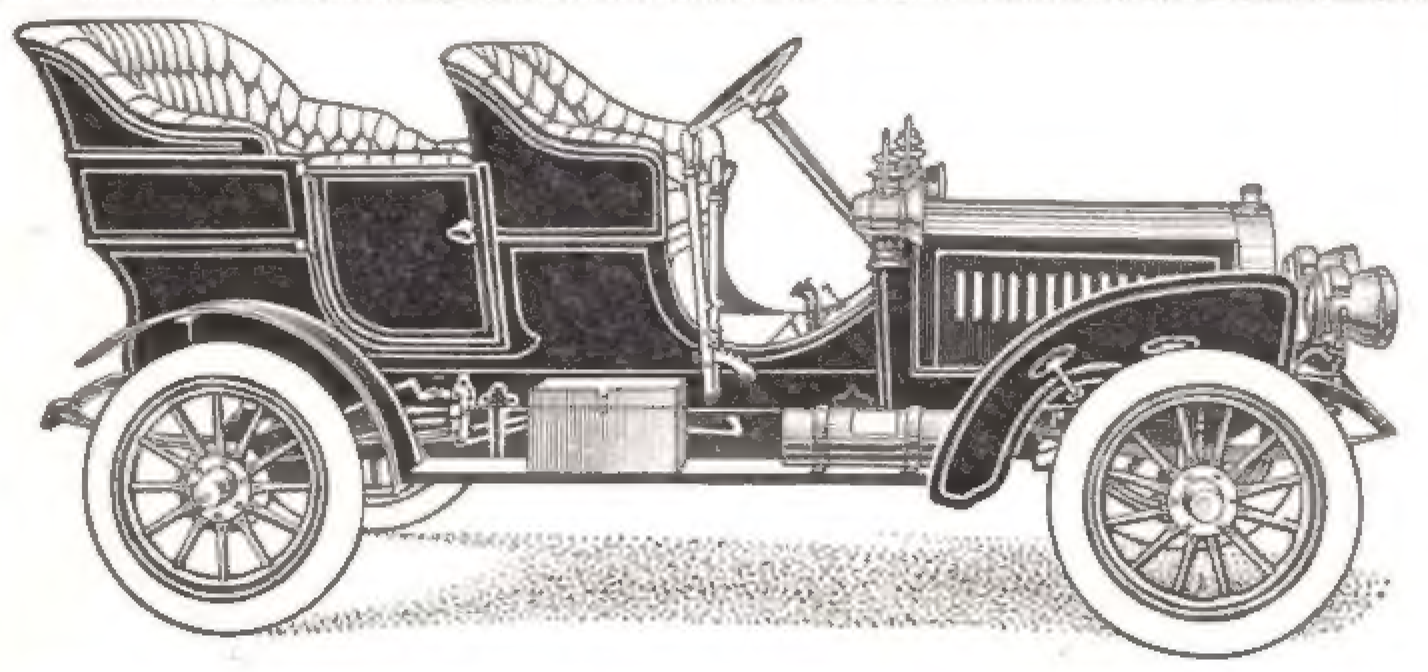

What a *chauffeur* thinks about automobile prices

"There's going to be a grand wakin' up some day soon on automobile prices. I'm next to the game and I *know*," said a chauffeur.

He was sitting on the driver's seat of a Mitchell Model F, proudly extolling the virtues of his car to his professional brothers.

"What's the *use* of paying from $3000 to $5000 for a motor car?—that's what I'd like to know.

"You've got to show *me* where *you* fellows' cars puts it over the Mitchell. *I've* driven your foreign cars that cost their owners $3000 duty *alone*, and I've driven *American* cars like *Johnson's* there and *Dorsen's*, that set their bosses back $3000 and $5000. I've *lived* in cars like *them*—*slept* in 'em—driven 'em all day long—through rain storms and over roads that were *fierce*. I've babied 'em up hills that they absolutely refused to take on the high. I've taken 'em down and put 'em together again in the *garage*. I *know* 'em—know 'em *all* from radiator to tail-light and if you fellows think you can '*show me*' just where your cars have got *The Mitchell* skinned, come out on the road with me and let's *see* if you can.

"The boss paid $2000 for *this* car. She's got four of the smoothest cylinders *you* ever saw and she's got *horse-power*—35—and she's done better on hills and under all road conditions than any 50 h. p. $5000 car *I* ever saw, and I've driven 'em all and run up against *every test you can name*. *Your* bosses may like to pay $5000 for a car but *mine* was *wise*. You know there's a good *many* men in this country that shut their eyes tight on $2000 cars merely because they take it for granted that a $5000 car ought to be $3000 *better*. It *ought* to be all right—but *is* it?

"I want the chauffeur that *thinks* his car is $3000 better than the Mitchell to *prove up* with me—in *speed* or *power* or *hill climbing* or *any* old thing he thinks he's *better* at—*that's* all. *Yes* sir, if a man's in doubt about the *car* he wants, let him do what my *boss* did—make a 50 or a 500 mile *test* in a *Mitchell*. Any agent will take him out if he's interested in gettin' a car. That'll 'show him' what it showed my boss—and save him about $3000. Beg pardon, sir? Why, yes sir—write to the Mitchell Motor Car Company, 155 Mitchell St., Racine, Wis., and send 10c for Art Catalogue.

"Well, any of you fellows comin' out? I've got ten dollars in my pocket that says The Mitchell ain't $3000 behind *anybody's* car."

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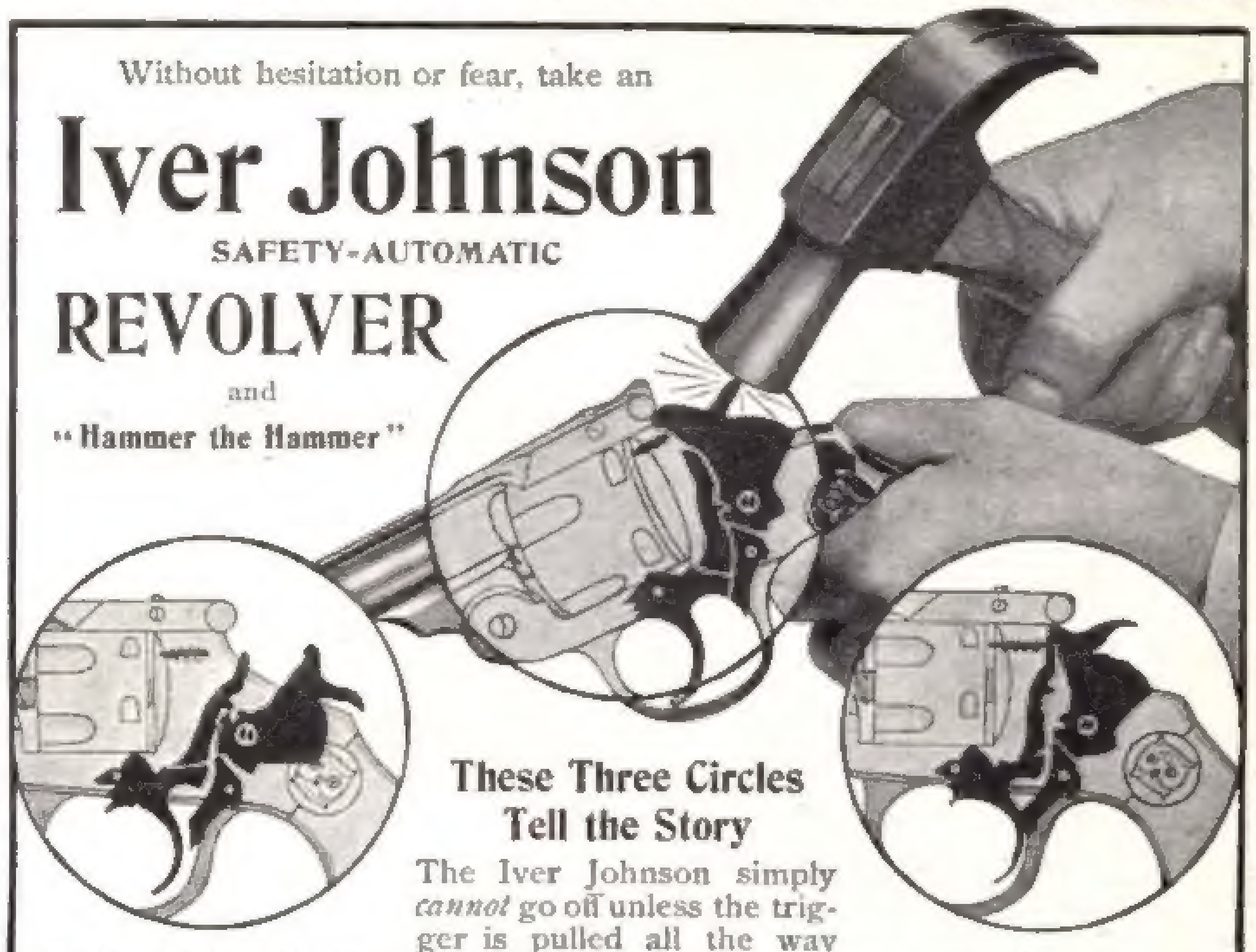

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The **left-hand circle** shows how, by pulling the trigger, the safety lever is raised into place under the revolver hammer. When this hammer falls (see the **right-hand circle**) its blow is carried *through the lever* to the firing-pin, and the cartridge is exploded with unfailing certainty. So that, unless you *pull the trigger*, you can drop the revolver, kick it, hammer it—do what you please—it *cannot* be discharged by accident. That's why the sales of the Iver Johnson now exceed the sales of all other American makes combined.

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For straight shooting and hard shooting it is unexcelled by any other revolver no matter what its name or price. It is compact, graceful, easy to carry, easy to handle—in every way a gentleman's weapon for pocket, desk or home.

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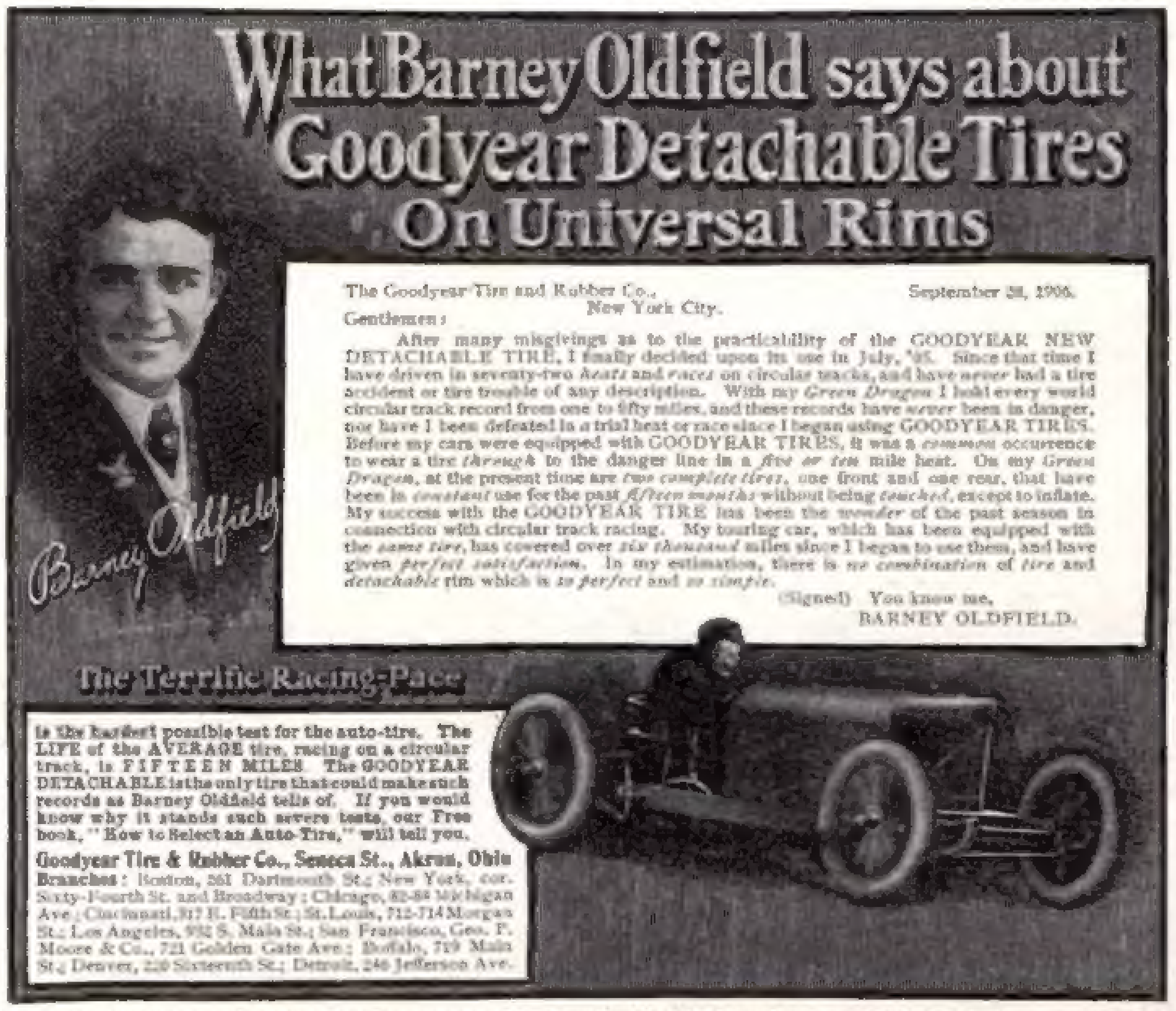

What Barney Oldfield says about Goodyear Detachable Tires On Universal Rims

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.,
New York City.
September 28, 1906.

Gentlemen:

After many misgivings as to the practicability of the GOODYEAR NEW DETACHABLE TIRE, I finally decided upon its use in July, '05. Since that time I have driven in seventy-two *heats* and *races* on circular tracks, and have *never* had a tire accident or tire trouble of any description. With my *Green Dragon* I hold every world circular track record from one to fifty miles, and these records have *never* been in danger, nor have I been defeated in a trial heat or race since I began using GOODYEAR TIRES. Before my cars were equipped with GOODYEAR TIRES, it was a *common* occurrence to wear a tire *through* to the danger line in a *five or ten* mile heat. On my *Green Dragon*, at the present time are *two complete tires*, one front and one rear, that have been in *constant* use for the past *fifteen months* without being *touched*, except to inflate. My success with the GOODYEAR TIRE has been the *wonder* of the past season in connection with circular track racing. My touring car, which has been equipped with the *same tire*, has covered over *six thousand* miles since I began to use them, and have given *perfect satisfaction*. In my estimation, there is *no combination* of *tire* and *detachable* rim which is *so perfect* and *so simple*.

(Signed) You know me,
BARNEY OLDFIELD.

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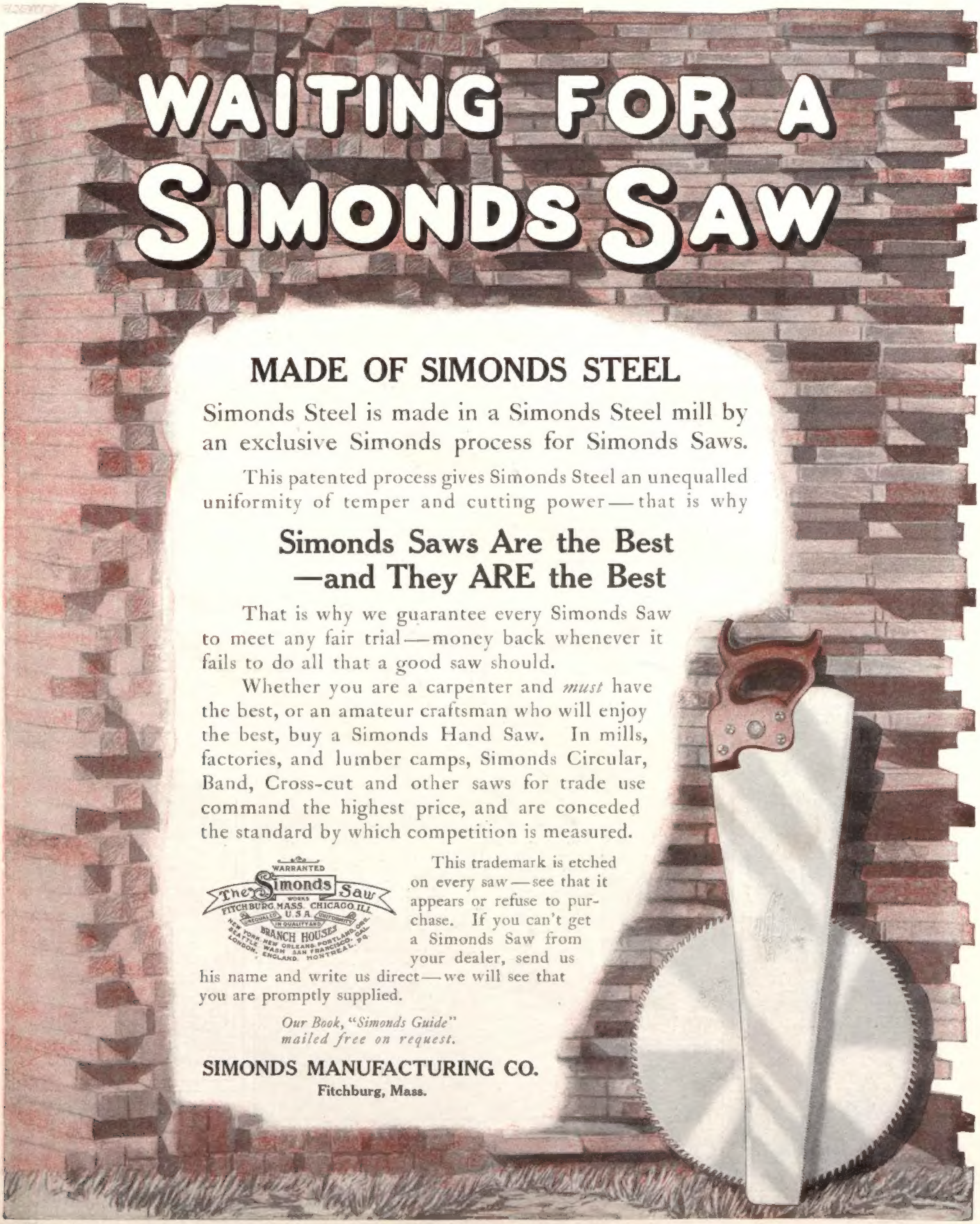

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